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The Sketch

No. 1071.—Vol. LXXXIII.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1913.

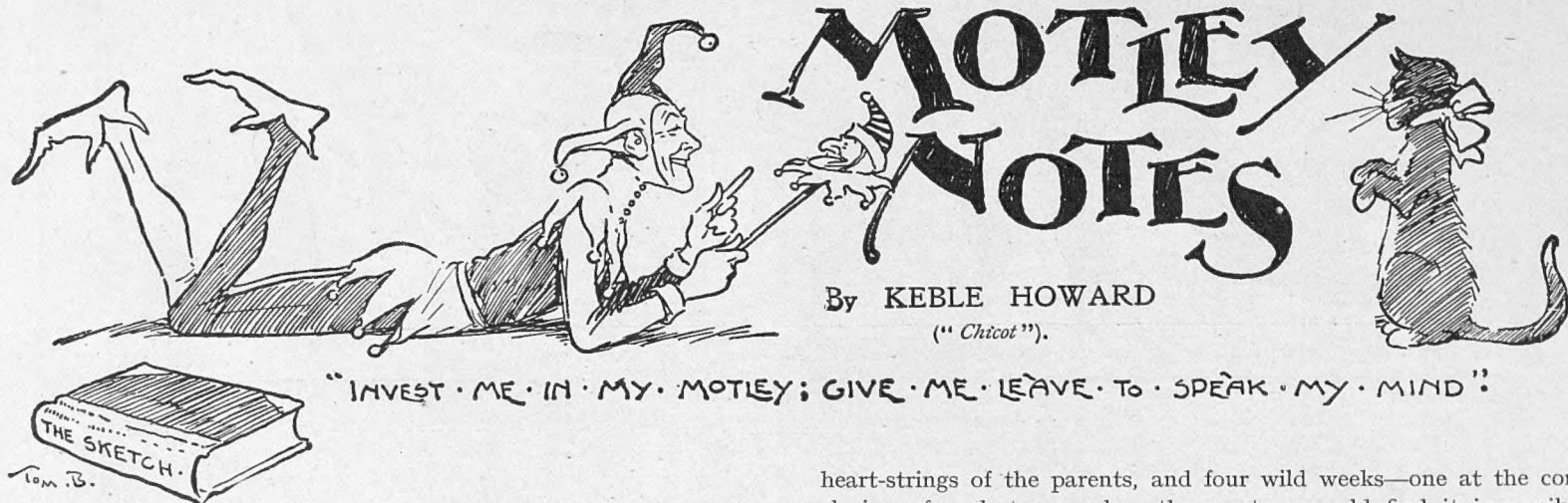
SIXPENCE.



THE KING'S HOSTESS AT GOODWOOD : LADY VIOLET BRASSEY (ON THE RIGHT) WITH LADY ESMÉ GORDON-LENNOX (ON THE LEFT) AND MR. HENRY MILNER.

During the King's visit to the Duke of Richmond and Gordon at Goodwood, for the races, Lady Violet Brassey, the Duke's second daughter by his first wife, acted as hostess. Lady Violet married, in 1894, Mr. Henry Leonard Brassey, M.P. Her elder sister is Lady Evelyn Cotterell, wife of Sir John Cotterell, the fourth Baronet. Lady Esmé Gordon-Lennox, the wife of the

Duke of Richmond's second son, was known before her marriage, which took place in 1909, as the Hon. Hermione Fellowes. She is a daughter of the second Baron de Ramsey. Lord Esmé Gordon-Lennox served in South Africa, and with the West African Frontier Force in Southern Nigeria in 1903-4.—[*Photograph by Topical.*]



Which Is It? "Four days ago a glinting sunbeam drew my attention to the coping-stone of — railway bridge, in the Thames Valley. To my astonishment, I found a wedding-ring tucked away in a crevice. It was a valuable find, guinea-gold, but to me it spoke of pathos, perhaps of tragedy, for no woman parts with her wedding-ring, the symbol of at least one joyous day, except through dire necessity or great awakening.

"To-day (Monday), to my sorrow, I again found the ring where I left it, a little dulled by the weather, but still some woman's ring. Again I left it."

These brief paragraphs, which I have culled from one of my morning papers, leave me in considerable doubt. I cannot, for the life of me, make up my mind whether I ought to be dissolved in tears or roused to rapacity. I cannot decide whether I should shut myself away from the world and sorrow for the unknown lady who has left her ring in the crevice of the coping-stone, or whether I should at once begin a systematic search of all the coping-stones of all the railway bridges in the Thames Valley. Human sorrow is always human sorrow, but it is equally true that the Holiday Season is always the Holiday Season.

One Competitor. One has a right, I think, to demand more explicit instructions from those in control of one's morning journals. If the thing is in the nature of an informal competition, the Editor should say so, in order that all may have the same chance. Many readers, no doubt, will find themselves in a similar position to myself. They will wonder what they ought to do about it. Their first instinct will be to go and hunt for the ring; then the effects of civilisation will get to work, and, restraining their natural cupidity, they will mourn for the lady. A week later, they may read that some heartless but ingenious reader has found and secured the prize, and the result will be a general hardening of hearts all round.

Editors should not lightly embark upon problems of this kind. In this case, the particulars given were more than likely to cause a stampede. It was announced, for instance, that the ring was of pure gold. "I again found the ring where I left it, a little dulled by the weather, but still some woman's ring." This was to prove to us that the ring was worth having. It was not a fake; the rain had not tarnished it very much; the wind had been powerless to change it from a woman's ring to a horse-shoe. Alas, at the last moment—I am told the ring is brass!

The Great Holiday Question.

Sir Thomas Butler writes to one of my daily papers on the question of Public School Holidays. "I am strongly of opinion that the proposed change to four terms would be a great improvement. Under the present system boys, especially the younger boys, owing to their long absences, lose to a great extent the influences of home, and few will deny the good that flows from that. Then, again, the proposed change would have the effect of shortening the long summer holidays, and so making the resumption of work easier. Of course, there are objections—no change is ever carried out that does not produce such; but my contention is that the advantages far outweigh the disadvantages."

I cannot say that I am at all in agreement with Sir Thomas on this matter. Four terms in the year would mean four sets of new clothes for each boy, eight orgies of packing, four tearings at the

heart-strings of the parents, and four wild weeks—one at the conclusion of each term—when the masters would find it impossible to get any reasonable amount of work out of the boys. As a matter of fact, the advantages of home influence during the holidays are greatly over-rated.

What Schoolmasters Know.

The majority of schoolmasters know, even if they do not think it wise to admit it, that much of the good done during the term is undone during the holidays. The ideal plan would be to send a boy to school at the age of twelve, and to keep him at school for five years straight off. The parents would, of course, have the opportunity of paying him a visit now and again, but the boy would be during those five years completely at the disposal of the school authorities. By the age of twelve, he would have learned enough from his parents to lay the foundations of his moral character, and at the age of seventeen, he would return to them developed, educated, and ready to take such position in the world as they could afford to give him.

But this is a big subject, and cannot be properly dealt with in a brief note.

The Same Old Theme.

I wonder if you, friend the reader, are as weary as I am of these discussions as to what women should or should not wear when bathing in the sea? Year after year, the terrible old topic comes up, so that I suppose a good many people really do take an interest in it. For example—

"Declaring that it was impossible to swim in a skirt, Dr. Ladova yesterday discarded her skirt and hid it under a rock before plunging into the water of Jackson Beach, a popular lakeside resort; and, though still dressed in blouse, bloomers, and stockings, she was arrested for violating the police regulations.

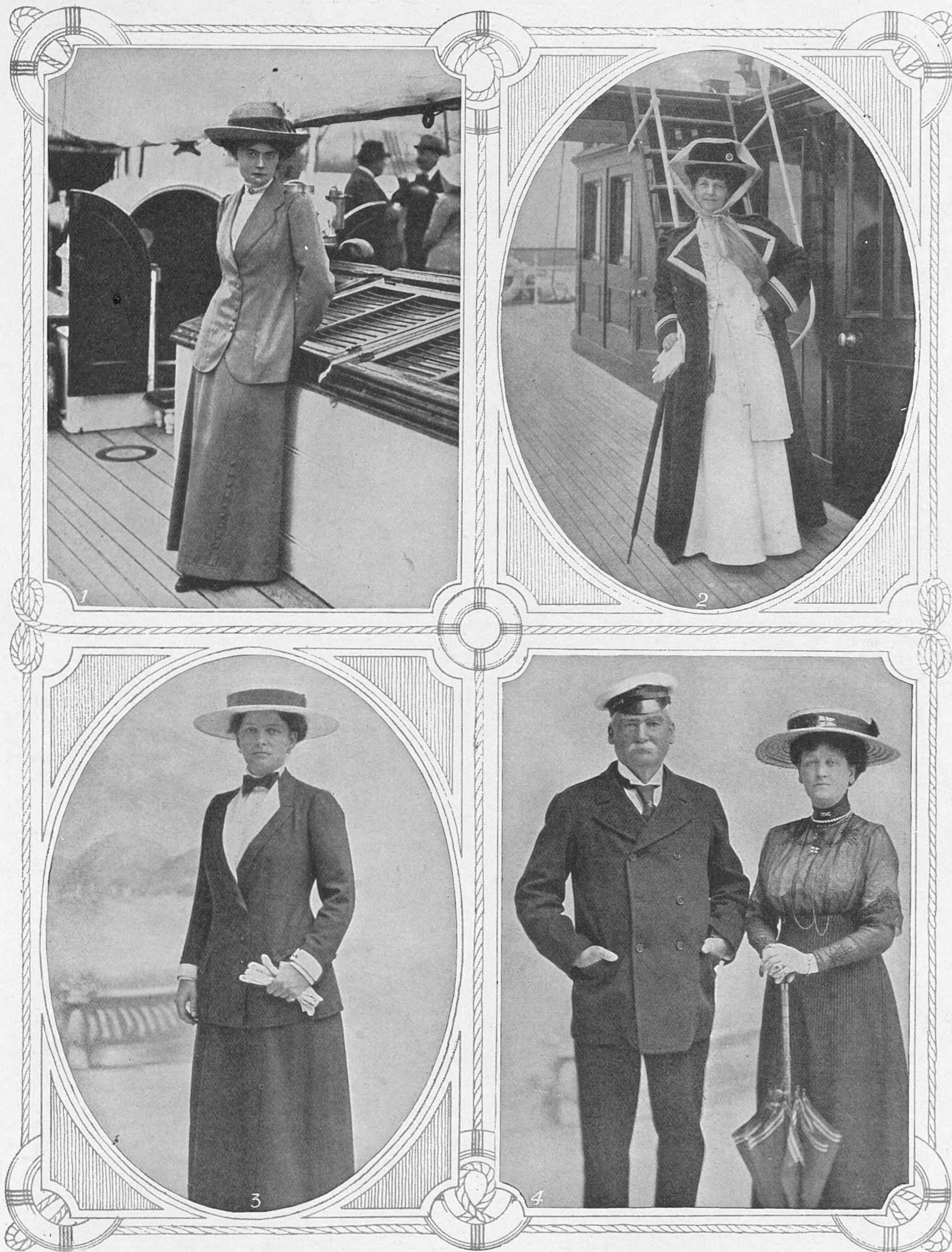
"Dr. Ladova vainly argued to the magistrates to-day that her swimming-costume was more proper than the costume worn by men-bathers. 'I was clad from head to foot,' she declared, 'while all around me were men with bare legs.'"

Dr. Ladova belongs to Chicago. If she happens to see this copy of *The Sketch*, I should like to assure her that there are few more disenchanting sights in the world than a woman in a wet bathing-dress, however skimpy that bathing-dress may be. If women were wise, they would bathe early in the morning, or in some quiet cove where they could wear as little clothing as they liked. Under no circumstances should any girl or woman ever allow herself to be seen in a wet bathing-dress by any man whose affection and respect she wishes to gain or retain. I offer this suggestion, in all humility, to all my lady readers everywhere. It is a hard saying, perhaps, but all true sayings are hard sayings. I mean well.

"Ladies' Hour."

It is the custom, I believe, at most swimming-baths to set aside one day upon which ladies have the exclusive use of the bath. Why should not the authorities at seaside resorts set aside one hour, to be known as the "Ladies' Hour," when the shore should be given up to ladies and children? I am quite sure that men would respect the regulation, partly because the force of public opinion would compel them to do so, and still more for the reason I have already given. It is only very young and very silly men who try to think that there is something rather "doggish" about watching the bathing-operations of the other sex. Real men would walk a couple of miles to avoid them.

THE "KING" OF COWES REGATTA, AND SOME OF HIS COURT.



1. ON BOARD HER FATHER'S "SUNBEAM": LADY HELEN BRASSEY.

3. "A PRINCESS OF COWES": LADY CONSTANCE BUTLER, DAUGHTER OF COMMODORE THE MARQUESS OF ORMONDE.

2. ON BOARD THE "MIRANDA": LADY LEITH OF FYVIE.

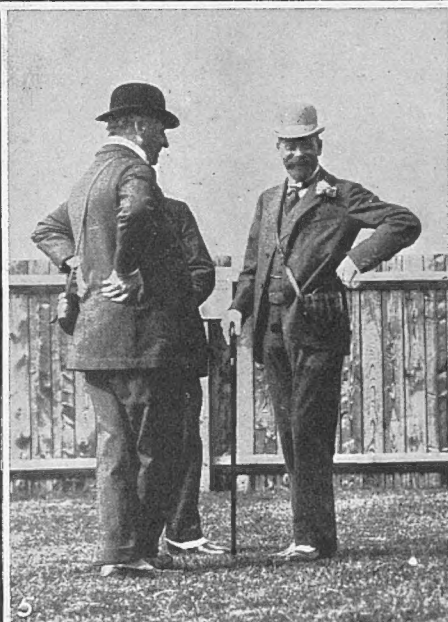
4. "THE KING AND QUEEN OF COWES": THE MARQUESS OF ORMONDE, COMMODORE OF THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON, WITH THE MARCHIONESS.

The Marquess of Ormonde, as Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, may be called "the King of Cowes Regatta." He became Commodore in 1901, in succession to King Edward, who, as Prince of Wales, had occupied that position since 1882, and who, when he ascended the throne, became Admiral of the R.Y.S. Lord Ormonde married, in 1876, Lady Elizabeth Harriet Grosvenor, daughter of the first Duke of Westminster. They have two daughters, the elder of whom is the wife of Lieutenant-

General Sir Reginald Pole-Carew, while the younger, Lady Constance Butler, is unmarried. Lady Leith of Fyvie, whose marriage took place in 1871, was Miss Mary L. January, daughter of Mr. D. A. January, of St. Louis, U.S.A. Lord Leith of Fyvie is a keen yachtsman, while Earl Brassey's yacht "Sunbeam" is, of course, famous the world over. Lady Helen Brassey is the Earl's only child by his second marriage, in 1890, with Lady Sybil de Vere Capell, daughter of the late Viscount Malden.

Photographs by Kirk, Hughes and Mullins, and Poole.

ROYAL GOODWOOD: THE KING AND SOCIETY ON THE COURSE.



1. THE HON. CECIL PARKER AND THE COUNTESS OF MAR AND KELLIE.

4. MR. GOLDSCHMID AND LADY ALASTAIR INNES-KERR.

7. LADY VILLIERS (ON THE LEFT) AND THE COUNTESS OF SEFTON.

2. GRANDDAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF RICHMOND: LADY AMY GORDON-LENNOX (IN THE CENTRE).

5. THE KING AT GOODWOOD: HIS MAJESTY TALKING TO HIS TRAINER, MR. RICHARD MARSH.

8. LADY DE BATHE AND MR. HERMON.

3. THE EARL OF ENNISKILLEN (ON THE LEFT) WITH THE HON. MR. AND MRS. GEORGE LAMBTON.

6. THE MARCHIONESS OF DOURO (ON THE RIGHT).

9. THE HON. MRS. GEORGE LAMBTON (ON THE LEFT) AND LADY HAMILTON OF DALZELL.

As on the opening day, the King was again present at Goodwood on July 30 and 31, motoring over from Goodwood House with his host, the Duke of Richmond. The weather continued delightful, and there was a gay crowd of Society people present each day. Lady Amy Gordon-Lennox, it may be mentioned, is the

elder of the two daughters of the Duke of Richmond's eldest son and heir, the Earl of March. On July 31, Goodwood Cup Day, the King's horse, Brake-spear, won the opening event, the Prince of Wales's Stakes, and the royal victory aroused great enthusiasm.—[Photographs by Topical.]

A BARON'S DAUGHTER ENGAGED TO A BARON'S SON AND HEIR.



THE NEWTON - KNARESBOROUGH ENGAGEMENT : THE HON. HELEN MEYSEY-THOMPSON, WHO IS TO MARRY
THE HON. RICHARD LEGH.

An interesting engagement in the Peerage was announced the other day, between the Hon. Richard William Davenport Legh, the elder of the two sons of Lord and Lady Newton, and the Hon. Helen Meysey-Thompson. She is the second of the four daughters of Lord and Lady Knaresborough, of Kirby Hall, Yorkshire, and was

born in 1889. Her father, who was raised to the Peerage in 1905, sat for many years in the House of Commons as a Liberal-Unionist. Her mother is a daughter of the late Sir Henry Pottinger, the third Baronet. The Hon. Richard Legh, who was born in 1888, is an Honorary Attaché at Constantinople.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

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TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Eighty-Two (from April 9 to
July 2, 1913) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any
Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.



CANTERBURY WEEK AND COWES : MY LADY'S CIGARETTE : POLO-HELMET STRAPS : ONE STREET, ONE NAME.

A Clashing of Dates.

The curtain has definitely been rung down on the London season, and this week Canterbury with its cricket week and Cowes with its regatta are competing attractions. It seems a pity that it should be impossible for anyone, except the oft-quoted Irish bird, to be at two places at once, for there is no regatta in the world so enjoyable as the premier one on the Solent; and there is no cricket week as cheery as the one at Canterbury, with the tents encircling half the ground, the music of two bands, all the county and the garrison offering hospitality to their friends, and a crowd of eager experts watching their county eleven play spirited cricket at the county capital. No doubt Canterbury thinks that it would be quite impossible to postpone its festival until the second week in August, but I am sure there are thousands of other people besides myself who would like to go to the softer climate of Canterbury after a week of bracing air on board a yacht cruising in the waters of the Wight.

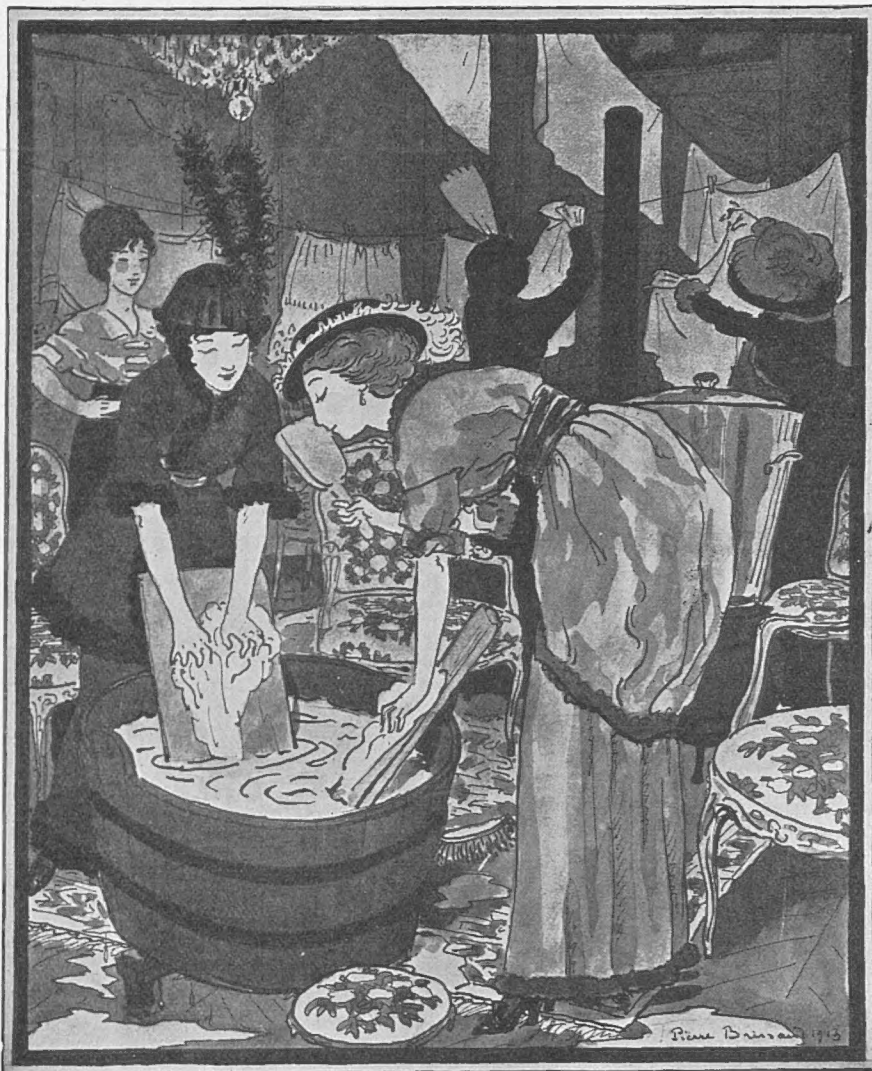
As Others See Us.

The Canadian stenographer girls who passed through London on their hustling tour of Europe noted, amongst the disadvantages of this country, that no butter was obtainable at lunch-time at hotels, that iced water was not served, that the service in restaurants was slow, and that English ladies smoked everywhere and at all times. Some of the London restaurants put butter on the table at luncheon-time with the *hors d'oeuvres*, and the waiters, if they perceive that the guests come from the other side of the Atlantic, leave it there throughout a meal, for it is the custom of Americans and Canadians to butter their bread at all meals, whereas in England we only eat bread-and-butter at breakfast and at tea-time, and at other meals with our oysters, our smelts, and our whitebait. This is purely a matter of national custom, and cannot be accounted a sin to restaurateurs who do not understand Transatlantic ways. The service in our restaurants is certainly slow in comparison with the quick-lunch methods on the other side of the Herring Pond, but the average Englishman and Englishwoman prefer to spend a few more minutes over lunch than to have the food thrown at them; and the dentists, by the awful stories they tell of the ruin wrought on the teeth of our Transatlantic cousins by iced water, have frightened us away from it.

The Lady Who Smokes.

One of the social matters as to which English and American ladies differ is that the cigarette in public in the mouth of one of the gentler sex is still classed under the head of "fastness" both in Canada and the United States, whereas now our ladies smoke in restaurants and railway trains and other public places, and neither they nor the men

think that they are doing anything *outré*. Ten years ago, if a lady was seen smoking in a London restaurant, the odds were that she was a South American or a Spaniard or a Russian. Five years ago, before a lady in a restaurant after dinner smoked a cigarette, she probably asked the men of the party if they thought there was any harm in her doing so, whereas now a lady's cigarette-case is opened as soon as the coffee comes round, and she thinks it unnecessary to make any apologetic remark. In New York, the lady's cigarette in public is still "taboo" in many of the restaurants; but the custom is beginning to make way in America, for there is really no reason why a lady should not smoke in public any more than there is any reason why she should not drink wine in public. Whether husbands and fiancés find smoky little mouths as pleasant to kiss as lips that are not smoke-dried is their own business.



THE LATEST AFTERNOON-TEA FREAK IN PARIS: WASHING THE FAMILY LINEN IN MADAME'S SALON.

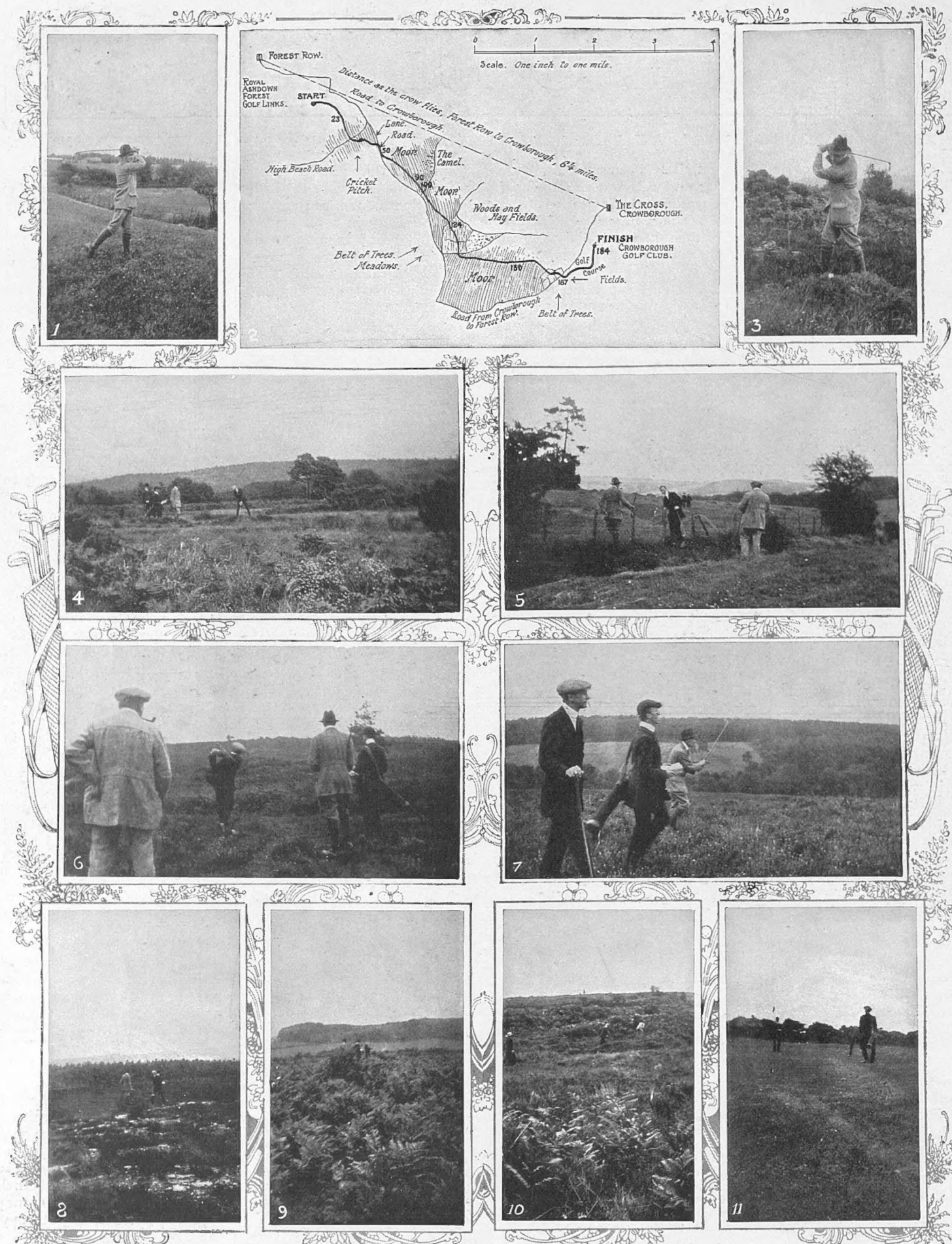
This is one of the newest ideas in Paris, when fair ladies foregather to *fiveoquer* at one another's "At Homes"—the washing of the family linen after the orthodox laundress-mode. Washing-tubs, soap, and other paraphernalia are brought in, and, as a Parisian journalist describes, "without regard for the *parquet* floor or the delicate Oriental carpet, the good ladies turn up their sleeves, and, plunging their arms to the elbows in soap-suds, they scour and scrub, and rinse and wring the underlinen of the past week, undergarments of every kind, handkerchiefs, stockings, everything our lady readers can think of. Then, all in the same dainty drawing-rooms, on impromptu clothes-props (the real thing is set up as often as not, indeed), they proceed to hang out the wrung-out garments. By way of diversion, sometimes, also, they tuck up their petticoats, roll up the carpets, and give the floor itself a wash over. When Madame has had enough, the motor is summoned, and, restored to presentable appearance for a turn in the Bois, the amateur *blanchisseuse* goes off home to dress for the evening."

Hurlingham and Ranelagh by fixing his turban firmly on his head by means of a handkerchief passed over it and tied under his chin.

An Orgy of Re-numbering.

Mr. Frampton, the famous architect, has laid before the London County Council a plan for simplifying the names of London streets by giving one name to any long stretch of thoroughfare and dispensing with all the joints, if I may liken streets to fishing-rods, which have separate names. Oxford Street, if this plan goes through, is to eat up Holborn. Mr. Frampton proposes to commemorate Shepherd's Bush by a real bush on a hill; and to make this complete, relays of real shepherds ought to be engaged to protect the bush against memento-hunters from over the Atlantic.

A PRETTY COURSE WITH LITTLE "PRETTY": 8 MILES IN 184.



1. MR. WARMAN MAKES A GOOD BRASSY SHOT FROM A BY NO MEANS IDEAL LIE.
2. THE COURSE TAKEN FROM THE ROYAL ASHDOWN FOREST GOLF LINKS TO CROWBOROUGH: EIGHT MILES ACROSS COUNTRY.
3. LYING LIKE AN EGG IN A NEST: HALF WAY, OR WHAT MAY BE CALLED "THE TURN," NEAR THE CAMEL.
4. BEAUTIFUL TO LOOK AT, BUT DEVILISH TO PLAY ON: THE FOREST NEAR CROWBOROUGH.
5. NO TIME FOR HAY-MAKING: MR. FOSTER AND MR. URE HALF-WAY.
6. DOWN THE "CAMELIOS HUMP": MR. FOSTER MAKES AN IRON SHOT ON THE SLOPES OF THE CAMEL.

7. MR. WARMAN USES HIS MASHIE ON THE RIDGE BETWEEN THE CAMEL AND CROWBOROUGH.
8. BURNT HEATHER, BETWEEN THE CAMEL AND CROWBOROUGH, TREATS THE PLAYERS KINDLY.
9. MR. FOSTER TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE HARD OPEN LIES BETWEEN THE BUNCHES OF HEATHER.
10. NARROWLY ESCAPING THE LOSS OF A STROKE AND DISTANCE: HUNTING FOR A BALL ON THE LOWER SLOPE OF THE CAMEL.
11. FINISHING 8 MILES IN 184 STROKES: MR. FOSTER HOLING OUT ON THE 18TH GREEN AT CROWBOROUGH.

Cross-country golf is a very different thing from the ordinary game, as these photographs show. They illustrate an unconventional game played by Mr. W. H. Warman and Mr. Neville Foster, as the result of a wager, over the eight or nine

miles of moor, forest, and field between Forest Row and Crowborough. The origin of the event, and the adventures encountered, are given fully in an article by Mr. C. W. Ure, who acted as umpire, which appears on another page.

Photographs supplied by courtesy of Mr. C. W. Ure, who acted as umpire during the match.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



MR. W. H. FOWLER—FOR MAKING A PERFECT GOLF COURSE FOR THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



MR. J. B. JOEL—FOR BEING ABLE TO PAY £45,000 FOR A HORSE, WITHOUT TURNING A HAIR.



THE HON. JOHN COLLIER—FOR TROUBLING TO EXPLAIN HIS SIMPLE PICTURE-PROBLEMS.



MR. THOMAS BEECHAM—FOR BRINGING HIS MUSICAL BRAIN TO HIS FATHER'S BUSINESS.

In the "Illustrated London News" of July 26 appeared a remarkably interesting reproduction of a model of an ideal golf course designed by Mr. W. Herbert Fowler. It was given also in "The Sketch" of July 30, with a criticism upon it by Mr. Henry Leach.—Much discussion arose over the somewhat obvious meaning of the Hon. John Collier's picture, "The Fallen Idol," in this year's Academy. The artist the other day set all doubts at rest by explaining in a letter to a Congregational minister that it is the wife who is the idol in question.—Mr. Thomas Beecham, the well-known opera impresario, has now been formally taken into the business of his father, Sir Joseph Beecham, at St. Helens. The business, of course, is that of the famous pills.—[Photographs by Bassano, Sport and General, Mills, and Dover Street Studios.]



PRESIDENT HUERTA, OF MEXICO—FOR NOT DOING THINGS BY HALVES WHEN HE MAKES UP HIS QUARREL WITH HIS ENEMY.

President Huerta, of Mexico, when reconciled with his former enemy, General Orozco, embraced him, as our photograph shows, in a very whole-hearted manner. There were recently rumours that General Huerta might possibly resign.—The £45,000 given by Mr. J. B. Joel to Mr. Thomas Pilkington for Prince Palatine is the record price for a racehorse. The previous record was 37,500 guineas, given for Flying Fox in 1899 by M. Edmond Blanc, of Monte Carlo. Prince Palatine was bought by Mr. Pilkington for 2000 guineas as a yearling, and has brought him in something like £80,000. Just after being bought by Mr. Joel, Prince Palatine failed to win the Goodwood Cup, and so £5000 was deducted from the price, as previously agreed.—[Photographs by C.N. and Sport and General.]



PRINCE PALATINE—FOR BEING THE MOST EXPENSIVE BIT OF HORSEFLESH EVER KNOWN, AND FOR SAVING HIS NEW OWNER £5000 AT GOODWOOD.



MR. J. WEDGWOOD, M.P.—FOR SPEAKING 150 TIMES IN TWELVE HOURS, SUSTAINED BY CHOCOLATE.



MR. CYRIL ASQUITH—FOR SO SUCCESSFULLY IMITATING THE REST OF HIS FAMILY AT THE 'VARSITY.



THE HON. L. H. TENNYSON—FOR PROVING THAT A POET'S GRANDSON CAN BECOME A CRICKET STAR.



SIR ALFRED REYNOLDS—FOR BEING ONE OF THE FEW J.P.'S WHO REALISE THE ABSURDITY OF POLICE TRAPS.

Mr. Josiah Wedgwood, M.P., had 120 amendments in his name to the Mental Deficiency Bill, and for twelve hours continuously he opposed the measure. He spoke about 150 times, and sustained himself with bars of chocolate.—Mr. Cyril Asquith, the Premier's younger son, has followed in the footsteps of his father and his elder brother, Mr. Raymond Asquith, in winning high honours at Oxford. Each of the three obtained a scholarship at Balliol, a first in Mods., the Craven Scholarship, and a First in Greats. Mr. Cyril Asquith's First in Greats was announced the other day.—Tennyson's grandson, the Hon. Lionel Hallam Tennyson, has suddenly become a cricket celebrity. He has made three centuries this season—116 for Hampshire against Essex, 111 against Notts, and 110 for the M.C.C. against Oxford. He is the eldest son of the present Lord Tennyson.—Sir Alfred Reynolds, the Highgate Magistrate, was asked the other day for summonses against five motorists for exceeding the speed-limit. He made some strong remarks on the absurdity of police-traps over short distances.—[Photographs by Elliott and Fry, L.N.A., and Sport and General.]



THE ALHAMBRA REVUE: "8D. A MILE."

"8d. a Mile." The person sitting beside me during the evening turned excitedly at one moment and said to me, "Is there really any part of London like this?" and I could not honestly answer that there was. But who cares? Do we want in London the realism denounced by Sir Herbert Tree and Mr. Gordon Craig—strange bedfellows? Do we demand pictures of London life just as it is? Do we—well, anyhow, we don't.

there never will be such a law; there never seems a chance of passing the laws that everybody wants—in fact, no measure appears to have a chance of becoming a law unless it is opposed by at least two-fifths of the public. I should also like a law against rag-time: I am inclined to impute part of the vogue of the revue at the New Middlesex to the absence of the epileptic tunes. Still, among the really successful numbers in "8d. a Mile" are the rag-time songs of Miss Ella Retford, a lady with immense energy.

The Lumps of Sugar.

Every well-regulated revue has its "little bits of sugar for the bird," and "8d. a Mile" is no exception. The tableau called "Flowers of Allah" is quite charming. Mr. Ronsin has invented a clever setting which rather suggests the pictures of M. Edmond Dulac, and there are very quaint costumes designed by M. Paul Poirer. It has a story about a prisoner and a Sultan and the Sultan's son, though, owing to my incompetence as a dramatic critic, I did not guess there was any story till I studied the programme afterwards, and even now I have not the least idea what the story was. But, thanks to the pretty scenery and weird lampshade costumes and effective music, we had a very agreeable quarter of an hour, or perhaps more. The principal dancer seemed to me to be too fond of posing with her forearms bent the wrong way out. Some years ago, Miss Ruth St. Denis, one of the ablest and most charming of the modern dancers, in a fascinating snake-dance, produced ripples in her arms by having a double-jointed elbow, and this had an excellent effect. Since that time dancers have practised dislocating their elbow-joints, and are fond of posing with the forearm bent out instead of in, and the result is extremely ugly and rather horrible. These remarks are made without prejudice to my admiration of Miss Phyllis Monkman's dancing. Later on, there was another element of prettiness, for Mr. Maurice and Miss Florence Walton gave us some of their ball-room dances; however, I raved about them last week, when I saw them at Princes—not M. Charles Prince's. In between the pretty "turns" we had a rather daring comic trial in the tableau called "The Law Courts." It seems hardly discreet to call the low-comedy judge Mr. Justice Darling, and, by-the-by, the description "the new stop-press revue" seemed hardly justified, for I went on the night when the Wootton-Siever action ended, and the Mr. Justice Darling might have told us the result, which I was eager to know; but he didn't, with the lamentable consequence that I had to spend, later on, a hardly earned penny to buy a halfpenny paper.



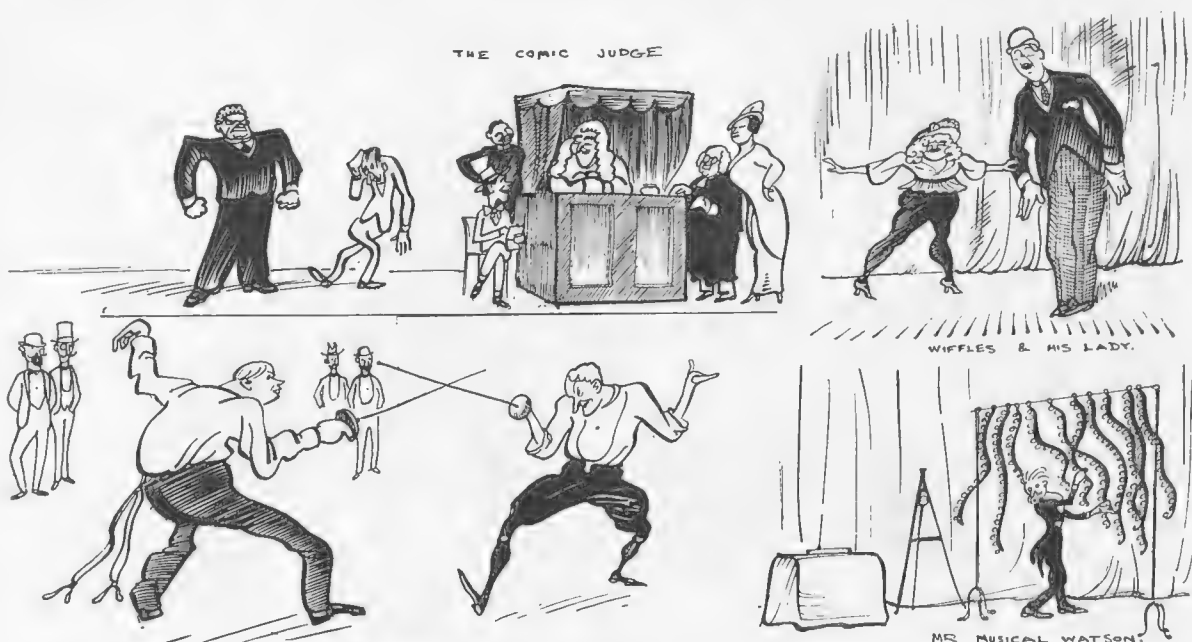
CLOSE O' PLAY!: ELLA RETFORD SINGING HER PAPER-BOY SONG, IN "8d. A MILE."

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

We want lots of pretty girls and lively music, and plenty of mimicry, and we get it in "8d. a Mile"; and we don't lose much by the thing sticking at a standstill, for there's only one interval—not long. And we have masses of the personalities—quite rude enough, some of them—which the Censor is supposed to forbid, and does sometimes; also a good deal of Mr. Robert Hale, the most useful artist that has emerged since the revue mania set in severely. He represented all sorts of people, from Caruso to Harry Tate, and his sporting sketch as the latter was received with huge enjoyment; in fact, there were roars of laughter at what I suppose Mr. Hale would call his little "Tate-à-Tate." Moreover, you can't resist Mr. Charles Prince as "Whiffles." He is a foreigner—you can guess that by the fact that he pronounces English much better than most other people in the cast—and, even more important, he is very funny. I half protest against the cinema part of his episode: I think that the experiment is injudicious—of course, it has been made before, and even by dignified people such as Mr. Laurence Irving. Still, it was amusing—perhaps a little more amusing than the "Silly Song."

Whiffles and the Duel.

It was Mr. Prince's song and dance as a peasant girl that entertained me. No doubt he makes too great a point of his—s and his—s . . . well, I mean those mysteries which the best people of the sex we're all afraid of have left off wearing. The old French air was charming, and there was a quaint grace in the grotesque movements of the singer. I confess that the comic duel between him and Mr. Hale bored me: comic duels are dreadfully dead. A man named Shakespeare, in a piece entitled "Twelfth Night," anticipated the lot of them; and another fellow called Sheridan, who knew his Shakespeare rather too well, did a similar comic duel in "The Rivals"; and in none of the numerous efforts at the same thing given since have I seen a real humour not borrowed from these earlier playwrights. There ought to be a law on the subject, some statute forbidding the exploitation of particular forms of comicality after their use in a limited number of pieces; but, of course,



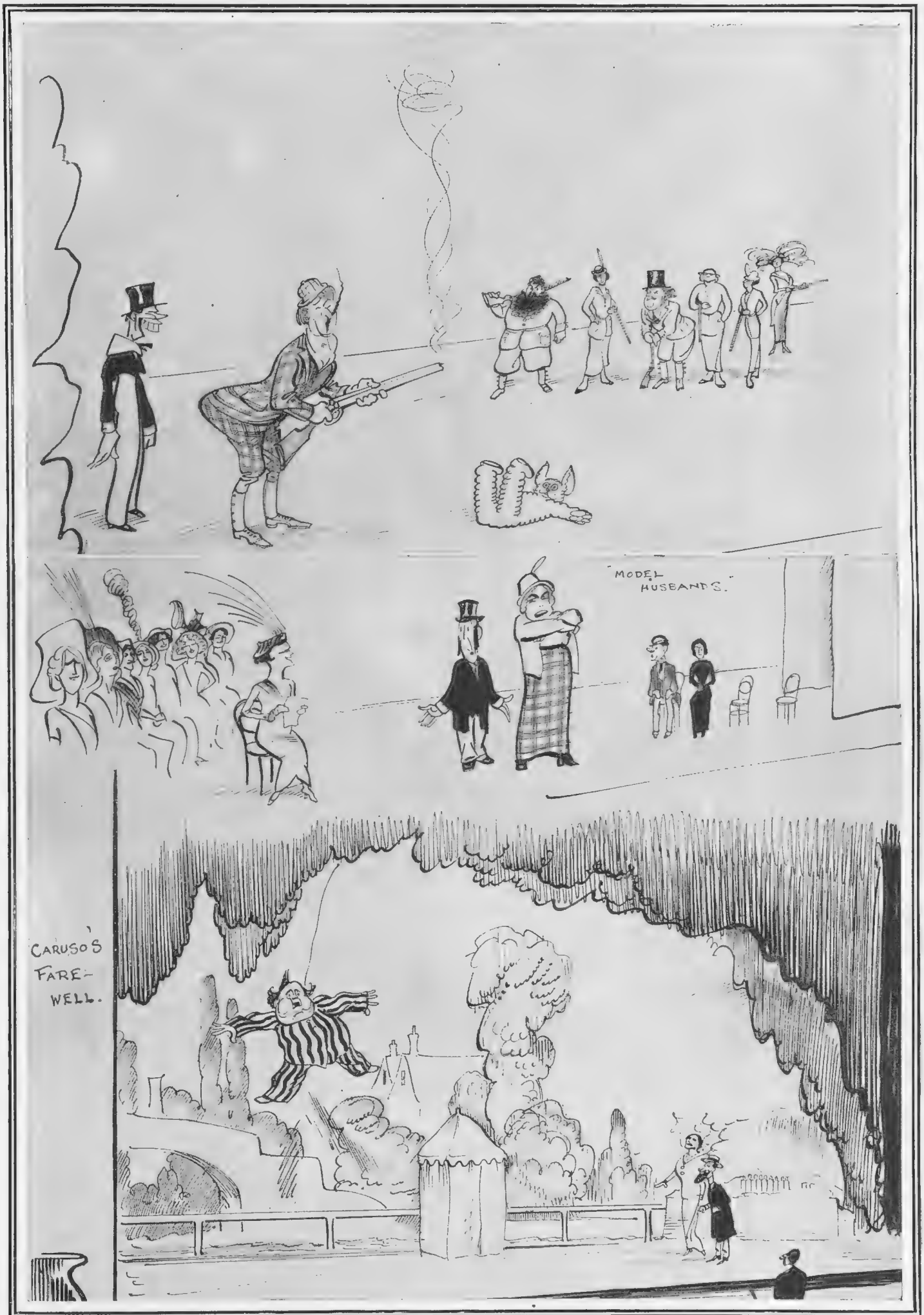
HUMOURS OF THE STOP-PRESS TAXI-RIDE: INCIDENTS OF "8d. A MILE," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

One of these days a revue will make a feature by getting some comic character to give us, every evening, a facetious account of the events of the day; and if he can work it up into a kind of patter-song, so much the better. Being quite a Rockefeller in ideas, I make no charge for the suggestion—except, of course, my regular penny a line against the editor.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "8d. A MILE."



THE STOP-PRESS REVUE AT THE ALHAMBRA. BATEMAN CARICATURES.

Messrs. George Grossmith and Fred Thompson's stop-press revue, "8d. a Mile," is running merrily at the Alhambra. The top drawing represents the Ninth Tableau, "Shooting," in which Mr. Robert Hale impersonates Mr. Harry Tate. The Tenth Tableau is entitled "Model Husbands," and in it appear a number of impersonated Stars of the Stage, as "The Jury Birds."

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



THE KING OF SPAIN.

HIS descent upon St. James's Street is unlike anybody else's. It is as if he had alighted from an aeroplane—one of the aeroplanes forbidden by Queen Eugenia. Why King Alfonso's flying visits to this country are so stirring, so exciting to his Majesty and to everybody he meets, is not easy to explain. Nothing particularly exciting or stirring befalls to make

them so vividly remembered. It is true that once he had to chase his hat down Piccadilly, to his own enormous delight. The hat was recaptured, and the equerries, outstripped in a twinkling, were being chaffed for their slow-footedness before they had quite grasped the portentous situation. "It is somewhat muddy, Sir," said one, prepared to sacrifice a silk handkerchief. "Let it be," answered the King; "it is English mud!"

The Nut's Sceptre.

The flying visit of the other day was not enlivened even by a flying hat. The chief episode, as far as St. James's Street is con-

cerned, was the buying of a new cane—"A nut's cane," his Majesty insisted, with a laugh, for his English is something more than the English of the lesson-books. These visits, then, are not lively by virtue of great happenings, but by virtue of a delightful personality. The buying of a cane is still, for one for whom all buying might well have grown stale, something of an adventure. And for the seller it is something of an adventure too. The most blasé of shopkeepers capitulates to the breezy graciousness of this very foreign-looking customer from abroad.

holiday, he and his receive (just—and only just—out of his hearing) the friendly name. As far as the public is concerned, no other stranger is so generally welcome. A plébiscite as to the most popular figure, outside our own royal family, would inevitably find him at the top of the poll. In Madrid they have good reason for making a hero of him. They have seen him face to face with assassins, and seen him cool—nay, even good-humoured. Paris, too, knows his mettle. During a visit to the French capital in 1905, he was returning from a gala performance at the Opera, driving with President Loubet in an open carriage. A bomb was thrown. The President was all agitation. "It is nothing, Mr. President," said the young King consolingly; "you see, bombs are part of the equipment of a Sovereign." In London he does hardly more than buy a gold-headed cane, another part of the equipment of a Sovereign. But, for all that, we know his worth.

"The Wearin' o' the Green."

He is gay now, not because he is unaware of danger, but because he accepts it. "With one's affairs in order, and one's conscience kept as clean as possible, one may learn to smile at ill-chances," he explains. He is gay, too, because his gaiety was long postponed. He worked hard as a boy; the period of lesson-books was very strictly observed. When we see him he is in holiday trim;

and what he is like in that mood was notably displayed at his last visit to Cowes, just a twelvemonth ago, when the way King Alfonso entered into all the fun, down to having a shy at an Aunt Sally, and successfully, quite astonished those who did not know the extent and genuineness of His Majesty's innate share of boyish fun. Even however, at his own Court, which is his workshop, he never relapses into the perfunctory way of boredom. Some of the admirable disciplining of his early years he owes to this country. It is with a laugh that he remembers the griefs of the nursery. "My great tragedy was when I lost my Irish nurse for an English governess," is his own summing-up of the problems that Meredith takes three hundred pages to set forth in "Celt and Saxon." Moreover, no Englishman, and not all Irishmen, can sing "The Wearin' o' the Green" more effectively than Alfonso. It is not surprising, therefore, that he is extremely popular in these islands.



SUPREME CHIEF OF THE SPANISH FORCES BY LAND AND SEA: KING ALFONSO, WHO, WITH THE QUEEN OF SPAIN, RECENTLY ARRIVED IN ENGLAND.

Photograph by Franzen.

cerned, was the buying of a new cane—"A nut's cane," his Majesty insisted, with a laugh, for his English is something more than the English of the lesson-books. These visits, then, are not lively by virtue of great happenings, but by virtue of a delightful personality. The buying of a cane is still, for one for whom all buying might well have grown stale, something of an adventure. And for the seller it is something of an adventure too. The most blasé of shopkeepers capitulates to the breezy graciousness of this very foreign-looking customer from abroad.

The Desirable Alien.

cried the Englishman of three hundred years ago, and in his heart the modern Englishman keeps a traditional distrust of the Latin races and their religions. But for King Alfonso an exception is made. He is popular with everybody, from the worthy Canon of the place of worship he favours in London to the bus-conductor and the taxi-man. Only the other day, being in London for rather less than twenty-four hours, he renewed a dozen friendships. After hearing Mass at St. James's, in Spanish Place (fifty yards from Manchester Square), he paused to converse with the clergy. "I always return to Spanish Place with pleasure," he ended; "and to think that my ancestors tried to make all England that!"

The Spains.

"The Spains" is the familiar English abbreviation of his own and his family's many august titles. At Cowes, at Sandown, in Scotland, wherever he makes

The King of Spain, him
Is a Paynim,



OUR ROYAL VISITOR FROM SPAIN: KING ALFONSO LEAVING A SHOP IN ST. JAMES' STREET AFTER BUYING A WALKING-STICK ON THE EVENING OF HIS ARRIVAL IN TOWN THE OTHER DAY.

The King and Queen of Spain arrived in town on Saturday evening, July 26. After dinner they visited the Palace Theatre, where Pavlova was presented to them. During the following week King Alfonso went to the Imperial Services Exhibition at Earl's Court, and with the Queen of Spain, Princess Henry of Battenberg and Prince Arthur of Connaught, saw "Diplomacy" at Wyndham's Theatre.

Photograph by Topical.

AN ADDITION TO THE PEERAGE: THE ANGLESEY CHRISTENING.



1. THE PROUD PARENTS AND THEIR CHILD: LORD AND LADY ANGLESEY ARRIVING AT LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL WITH THEIR DAUGHTER.
2. AUNT OF THE BABY: VISCOUNTESS INGESTRE.

3. THE GRANDMOTHER AND ANOTHER RELATIVE OF THE BABY: THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND AND MARY, MARCHIONESS OF ANGLESEY.
4. THE CUSTODIANS OF THE TREASURE: THE MARCHIONESS OF ANGLESEY, AND THE NURSE, WITH THE BABY.

Lichfield Cathedral was the scene on July 30 of a most interesting event, the christening of the infant daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Anglesey. The godmothers were Queen Alexandra, the Duchess of Roxburghe, and Lady Alfred

Paget, and the baby was named Alexandra Mary Caroline Cecilia. The Marchioness of Anglesey, we need hardly recall, was before her marriage Lady Marjorie Manners, daughter of the Duke of Rutland.—[Photographs by Topical and Illustrations Bureau.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE Queen's absence from Goodwood left one little point of social etiquette to the future for solution. Prophets had not been wanting who predicted that the top hat would be conspicuous by its absence, Queen Mary, at a hint from the King, willingly acquiescing. Any way, the occasion lent itself to the general relaxation in dressing, Lord Ilchester's white ducks and Panama being generally approved. It is beginning to be accepted that informality in men's dress implies no informality in manners, which were once much less correct than their dress, just as once women's clothes were "properer" than women, whereas now women are "properer" than their clothes. Reform in the dress of workers of all conditions comes slower than the reform in the dress of players ;

and so it happened that while one half of Sussex was amusing itself on the Turf, and the County Eleven were tackling Essex at cricket in cool costume at Brighton (where also the bathers were attired mermanly and mermaid-enly), Viscountess Wolseley was at work in the gardens at Glynde in attire that might tell an arctic tale.

The Promise of To-morrow.

brought from Bouverie Street by Mr. Lucas showed the *Punch* staff to much advantage. From Mr. Percy Lucas, however, came the most exhilarating innings of the day. The game was followed by a supper at the Savoy—not by a single paragraph in the papers ! When poets and novelists and Press-men go cricketing they show themselves expert in everything but special reporting.

Lady Antrim's Conversion.

Lady Sybil Smith, in whose case the workings of the law have been somewhat mysterious, had long wished to follow Lady Constance Lytton to prison. If she delayed, it was not because she herself was behind-hand in facing the ordeal. As in many other cases of abstinence

from the pleasures of Holloway, the restraining forces were family ones. Lady Antrim, for some time an active "anti," has hitherto prevailed upon her daughter to stop short of any militant action that might end in gaol. Lady Sybil, on that account, contented herself with milder enterprises. Singing, for instance, which she does better than most professionals, helped the cause without annoying the police. The change came when, a little while back, Lady Antrim's opposition vanished. Instead of being an "anti," she is now strongly "pro."



THE SUFFRAGE PILGRIMS IN HYDE PARK : LADY ROCHDALE MAKING HER ADDRESS.

Lady Rochdale marched all the way across the Midlands from Keswick, in Westmorland, with her band of pilgrims, except for one day which she had to miss owing to her presence being required to take part in the reception of the King and Queen during their Lancashire tour.

Photograph by L.N.A.

The Hon. L. Tennyson's triumph at the wicket reminds one that cricket and poetry have often been on good terms. Last week Sir James Barrie captained an eleven through a private match in Kent, with Mr. E. V. Lucas as the leader in opposition.



A VERY MILITANT-LOOKING NON-MILITANT IN HYDE PARK : MISS ALICE CROMPTON SPEAKING FROM THE SCOTTISH FEDERATION STAND.

Miss Alice Crompton wore her academical robes at the Hyde Park assemblage, her appearance recalling the unsuccessful appeal of the women graduates of Edinburgh University to vote in the election of the University Member of Parliament.

Photograph by News Illustrations.

Mr. Lionel Tennyson did not play, but his relative, Mr. Birrell's step-son, made hay of Mr. George Morrow's bowling ; while Mr. Morrow, less successful with the bat than with the pencil, was content with a score that held promise (as he said) for the future—Morrow, 2, or 2, Morrow !

Barrie and His Bat.

The score of the author of "Peter Pan" reached well into the twenties, but was eclipsed by the brilliant batting of an Eton player who lately ran into fame at Lord's. Mr. Mason also did well, and certain unexpected talent (notably Mr. A. M. Milne's)



TWO OF THE LORDS' TEAM AT BISLEY : LORD HOLMPATRICK HELPING THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON TO CLEAN HIS RIFLE.

The Duke of Wellington and Lord Holmpatrick (who is in the 16th Lancers) were both members of the Lords' team which shot in the match at the Bisley Meeting between the Houses of Parliament for the Vizianagram Cup (7 rounds at 500 and 600 yards). The match was fired on the final day of the meeting, July 26, the Commons winning by 473 points to 445. The Commons have won 19 times, and the Lords 13. The Duchess of Wellington presented the prizes at the close of the meeting.—[Photo. G.P.U.]



FOR A HOLIDAY IN HER ISLAND HOME : THE QUEEN OF SPAIN ARRIVING AT DOVER.

The King and Queen of Spain are both in England again this year for their annual private visit to Princess Henry of Battenberg and for Cowes Regatta Week. Our photograph shows her Majesty stepping down the gangway of the steamer at Dover on her arrival on July 26. King Alfonso, who accompanied her, was a few yards behind her, still on the deck of the steamer, and so is out of the picture.

Photograph by C.N.



CELEBRATING HIS PARLIAMENTARY "MAJORITY" : MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., AND HIS WIFE AND SON.

A most interesting function took place at Highbury on July 26 in celebration of Mr. Austen Chamberlain's twenty-one years' representation of East Worcestershire. Mrs. Austen Chamberlain was there, with little Master Joseph Chamberlain, who bears his grandfather's name. The Earl of Plymouth made the presentation—an address and silver table centre-piece in the form of an old Spanish galleon—and presented Mrs. Austen Chamberlain also with a diamond pendant.—[Photograph by C.N.]

McLOUGHLIN OF THE MOBILE FACE: IN REPOSE AND IN ACTION.

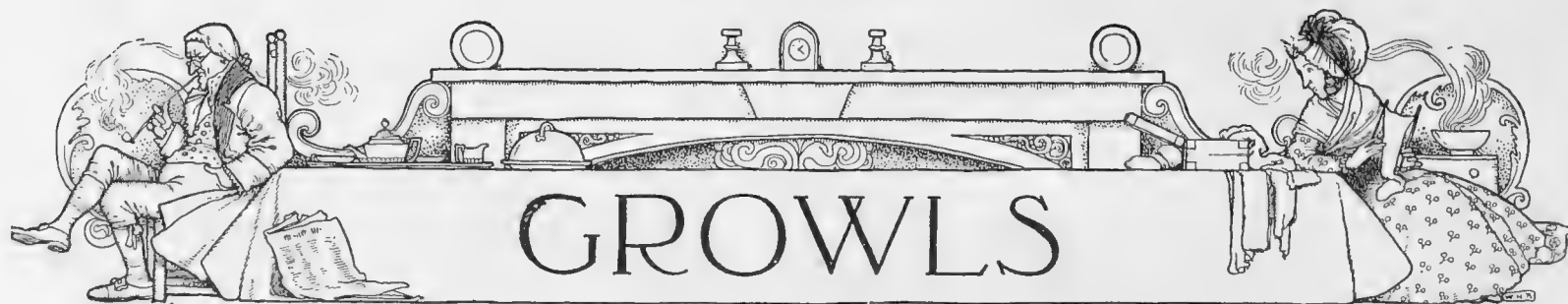


THE MAN WHO CERTAINLY DOES NOT PLAY WITH HIS TONGUE IN HIS CHEEK: THE AMERICAN
TENNIS MARVEL, HIS CLOTHES, AND SOME OF HIS EXPRESSIONS WHILE PLAYING.

Mr. M. E. McLoughlin, the brilliant young American lawn-tennis player, whose fine performances in the matches for the Davis Cup at Wimbledon did so much to give victory to his side, has an interesting personality. Second only to the versatility of his strokes was the mobile changefulness of his expression. Every time he took a

ball he may be said to have played it not only with his racket, but, in a sense, with his face, for its good-humoured expression kept continually reflecting a change of mood at each point in the game. One thing which it certainly expressed throughout the contest was sportsmanlike keenness.

Photographs by Sport and General, C.N., Newspaper Illustrations, Illustrations Bureau, and Topical.



THE FURTIVENESS OF FUR: SHIBBOLETHS AND SHIVERS.

I AM beginning to despair of my fellow-countrymen. I am confident that I am remote from those who set no store on the predominant characteristics of the race, but at the same time I cannot help feeling that in certain circumstances virtues can be overdone, and that when overdone they become perilously near to being national dangers. I yield to none in my admiration for the hardness habitually displayed by those who are fated to face the vagaries of an island climate, and I should be the very last to say a word against that implicit obedience to law and order which has won for us the grudging applause of neighbouring peoples; but my respect for these things does not prevent me from feeling quite certain that a too close addiction to them may lead to highly undesirable results. It is indispensable that amid such surroundings as ours we should show ourselves possessed of a stamina capable of enduring and resisting the most venomous onslaughts of the seasons; and it is eminently desirable that we should continue to cleave to that law-abidingness which has contributed so largely to the building up of what I am credibly informed is the greatest Empire the world has ever known; but all this does not, so far as I can see, provide any valid reason why we should carry our perfections to such a pitch as to render ourselves nationally ridiculous. Having, I trust, made quite clear my attitude with regard to the good points of my fellow-Britons, I will at once proceed to set forth the grounds on which my uneasiness is based. We have just emerged from a July which has rendered the records of Arctic and Antarctic exploration unsensational reading. Practically all that month the sun rigidly refused to shine, and new and original forms of bitterness have been introduced into the wind. And yet through all that period, despite the scrupulous care with which I have inspected the streets of London, no single individual have I been able to discover endowed with sufficient moral courage to wear a fur-coat.

I know
Furless and Fearless. intimately,
and I say it without the faintest tinge of snobbishness, many men who are possessed of these luxurious and decorative garments, men of sound judgment and average intellect, and yet in no case have I found them taking this simple and obvious step towards counteracting the diabolical devices of the present occupant of the Clerkship of the Weather. The blasts of Boreas have pierced them through and through until their very marrows must have

been congealed, but the friendly fur-coat that might have made them warm and comfortable has been conspicuous by its absence. In cynical disregard of the marking of the thermometer, they have been arrayed in grey top-hats and in shirtings of a diaphanous composition. And why this callous indifference to discomfort, why

this reckless exposure to the elements? Simply because it was July, and some unwritten law has dictated that during the month bearing that imperial name the fur-lined coat must be relegated to dark and secret places, and in certain circumstances confided to avuncular tutelage. Had it happened to be December, no matter how benignly the sun shed his rays on a grateful earth, the fur-coat would have been resplendently *en évidence*.

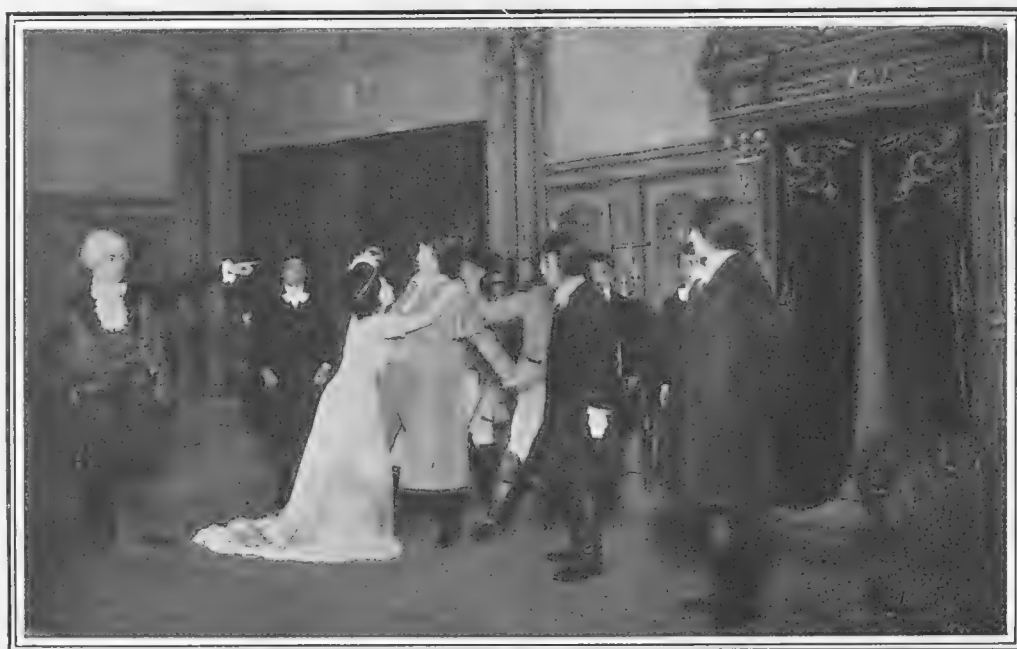
To Sum Up. Whence emanates this insensate decree

I am not in a position to say. I have carefully scrutinised my diary, and I find no such injunctions as "Sept. 1—Fur-coat wearing begins," or "April 30—Fur-coat wearing ends." Possibly it dates from the old days when matters of the mode were regulated by the Beau of the period, and has continued a malign and meaningless career ever since. But whatever be its origin, it appears to me amazing that bright young lives full of promise should be jeopardised owing to a blind conformity to a rule which, however salutary it may have been in the past, can only be fraught with hideous possibilities to-day. It would be comical, were it not so tragic, to think that, while Royal Commissions are striving to find some method of

checking the ravages of consumption, the manhood of England is light-heartedly laying open its lungs to the poisoned darts of a frost-bound July rather than defy a law which forbids the wearing of warm apparel when there is no "r" in the month. I feel that here is a peril which, if not combated firmly and soon, may be disastrous in its effects upon our future destinies; and to show how deeply I feel and how sincerely in earnest I am in the matter, I will put forward a proposition. If someone will present me with a fur-coat—and by this I mean a coat of real fur—I will promise that I will wear it publicly and persistently through any of the summer months of either of the two next years which may exhibit the detestable features of



JAPAN'S SARAH BERNHARDT AS A BUTTERFLY DANCER: SADA YAKKO.



FOLLOWING IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF HER FRENCH PROTOTYPE: SADA YAKKO, IN SARAH BERNHARDT'S FAMOUS PART, AS LA TOSCA.

Sada Yakko is well known to English playgoers, her appearance in London some years ago making a strong impression on all who saw her. It was a bold move for this wonderful Oriental actress to take up a part so essentially Western as that of La Tosca. That she was not altogether able to eliminate the Japanese influence in her representation of the part may be seen from the following quotation from a Japanese English weekly: "But her conception was so purely Japanese that her expression and actions seemed rather to belong to the kimono, for it was difficult to reconcile her gestures and emotions with the very modern ball-room gown she wore. She managed her train very well indeed, in spite of her geta-influenced walk, but she was altogether too studied in her effects. Mme. Sada Yakko has not been able to remove herself from the early Shimpa ideas, and although her performance was interesting, it brought something of a disappointment with it also, for Tosca is a character that requires the finest ability in an actress."

the defunct July. This I will do in no vain desire for self-adornment, but in an honest effort to kill a tradition which is as insulting to common-sense as it is conducive to suicide.—MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.

NOTHING PERSONAL MEANT.



LADIES OF THE CHORUS: RATHER HARSH VOICES AND VERY LITTLE ON.

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.



FIE, PHYLLIS! THE PRUDES PROTEST!

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

IF I were not French, I would like to be American. The French woman and the American woman are appreciated by their men—I will not say adequately, but much more than women of other nationalities. To the superficial, the present vain discussion about dress may seem a mere question of chiffons, but it is much more really—it is an index to the place of the Englishwoman in English life. The American woman is lifted in a niche, high up, where the man can only reach by hard work, good luck, and—humility! The French woman is to the man both the necessity and the luxury, the bread and honey, the partner and the mistress. The Englishwoman, it seems to me, is accepted *on conditions*. Man dares criticise her. Her stockings are "too transparent," her skirts "too short and too tight," her bodice "too low," and heaven knows what!—everything else also! Alas! she is giving herself away to an unappreciative schoolmaster, a perverse prig, who scolds while he covets. The Englishman does not, like the American, just settle the bill and admire; nor does he, like the Frenchman, accompany woman to the *couturier* and give advice gilded with compliments; no, the Englishman covers his shocked eyes with a disdainful hand, looks through his fingers, and laments: "What is England coming to? When will woman cease to emerge in such a barefaced, bare everything fashion? To think that I should see Phyllis's throat in Bond Street at *eleven o'clock in the morning*—her white, pulsating throat that I was admiring last night at the Opera! Fie, Phyllis, fie! And those cobwebby stockings that seem to blush as one stares at them. Little did I think, when I was clapping at Phyllis's classical dancing, charmed by her little bare feet and nervous ankles, little did I think that I would see those feet and those ankles almost as plainly on *everyday occasions*! Little did I think at that ball where Phyllis, as a bacchante, in a yard of chiffon, a leopard-skin, a bunch of grapes, and a cardboard cup, intoxicated us all by her mere presence, little did I

think of seeing her in a skirt slashed half-way to the knee *on the sands and in country lanes*. Fie, Phyllis, fie! There is a time and place for everything." The Englishman does not see the humour of his jeremiads. He will let his wife, semi-nude in official evening-dress, be pressed, gasping and dizzy, in the arms of her dancing partner, but how he disapproves of her low collar when she goes shopping or to an innocent *matinée*.

Do not think, amiable readers, that I exaggerate the feeling of *revolted routine* which agitates the manly British breast at the present moment. You have read—you could not help it: they met you every-

If in England the Frenchman is "a man with a ribbon in his buttonhole who is always asking for the bread," in France an Englishman is a side-whiskered being who, with endless teeth, devours *rosbif*, and writes to the Times when the butcher's weight is short or when the water-pipe has burst. I read the fatal letter which first started a flow of eloquence and ink which I imagine purple with indignation. Alas! the shortage is not in the butcher's weight this time, but in women's vestments; the bursting is not of the water-pipe, but of hooks and eyes. Mr. James Douglas tells us in *London Opinion* (with, I suspect, some malicious glee) how he saw a poor female in distress, whose tight skirt had inopportune given way, taking cover in a shop. But this accident is not an argument against the fashions of to-day. Those mishaps are of all times. I can imagine how the voluminous and heavy petticoats of our Victorian grandmothers must have tried, and sometimes with disastrous results, the tenacity of tapes and buttons. Does even man's dignity never hang on a thread? I have heard of men humbly begging for a safety-pin. . . . Some embraces are too vigorous, and some braces too weak!

Why so much ado about—so little? I had always thought the feminine form was pleasing to man's eye—why, then, does he find fault with fashions allowing us to appear what we are? Than that a hunchbacked, bow-legged, bony being should point a horrified finger at her more lovely sisters splendid in undress, nothing is more natural—envy and uncharitableness are older than raiment and would-be modesty. So few people can afford *not* to dress; so few women would be desirable who stood revealed. Let those, by all means, dissimulate to stimulate man's admiration; but do not let them talk of decency. Decency is a thing not of body, but of mind. What is called modesty is most often the hiding of a sallow skin or a pillar-like leg. All that is beautiful is pure. Who wishes to cover the Venus de Milo with a shawl and a crinoline? If we are ashamed of being what we are, let the race perish. It is an amusing fact that the most indignant protests are those that contain the most immodest details! Some people seem to consider dress a disguise, while it is a matter of necessity. It is cold, not modesty, that is responsible for dress. Poor Englishmen whose chaste eyes are daily offended by revelations of the normal and natural, can nothing be done for them? Could not petitions be addressed to theatre managers begging that the feminine performers of revues and musical comedies should be covered in thick, ample, high, and long garments, in deference to the taste of their male patrons? Unprotected Englishmen now at the seaside, could nothing be done to preserve your gaze from the sight of those scantily clad female bathers who insist on wearing things in which they can swim? How very inconsiderate! Have you tried turning your back on them?



WITH AN INGÉNUÉ OF HER VERY OWN: MRS. CLAYTON GLYN (ELINOR GLYN) AND HER DAUGHTER.

Since "The Visits of Elizabeth" took reading London by storm in 1900, Mrs. Clayton Glyn has given us a number of stories in a similar amusing vein—among them "The Vicissitudes of Evangeline" and "Elizabeth Visits America." Her latest book, which appeared recently, is "The Contrast." Mrs. Clayton Glyn is a daughter of the late Mr. Douglas Sutherland, of Toronto. She married Mr. Clayton Glyn, J.P., of Durrington House and Sheering, Harlow, Essex, in 1892.

Photograph by Kirk.



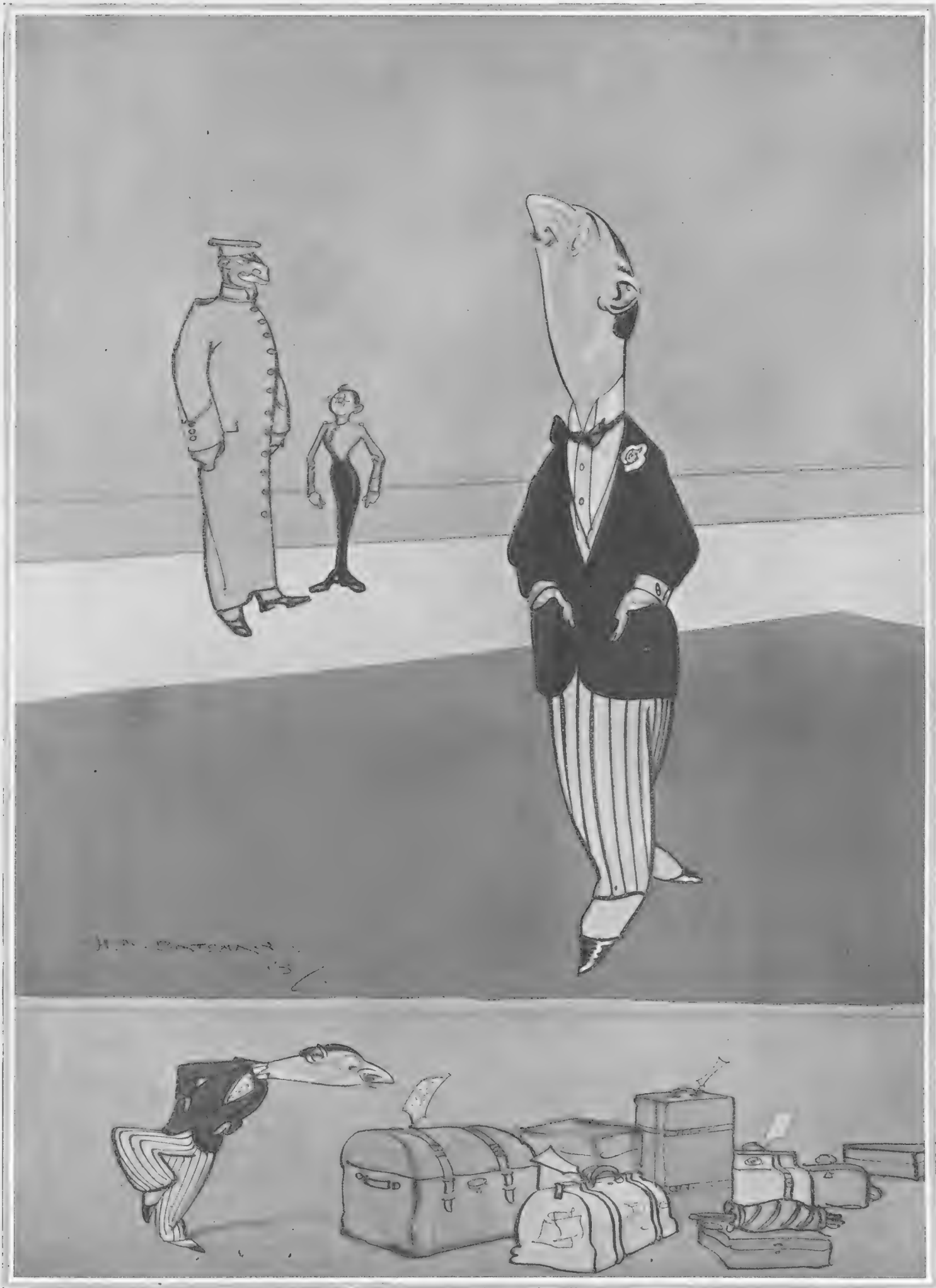
A PROMOTER OF ANGLO-GERMAN FRIENDSHIP IN LONDON: THE BARONESS KUHLMANN-STUMM, WIFE OF THE COUNCILLOR TO THE GERMAN EMBASSY, AND HER CHILDREN.

The Baroness Kuhlmann-Stumm is well known as a hostess in London, and her house might be described as a centre for the diffusion of Anglo-German goodwill.

Photograph by Speaight.

where in Press, placards, and preaching—the prudish protest against woman shedding her chrysalis. It is said the Turks are just as indignant at their women discarding the yashmak. This is not a mere "silly season" discussion; there is venom in it.

Hotel Hogs.



I.—THE "POTTER-ABOUT-THE-HALL-ALL-DAY-AND-WATCH-THE-NEW-ARRIVALS" PERSON

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



L'ART DE DEVENIR AVIATEUR: A BRITISH OFFICER LEARNS TO FLY IN FRANCE.

"I WANT to fly. The question is how and where. If I am unable within three months to report to the War Office that I have obtained my certificate, I shall have to rejoin my station abroad." Such is Captain Mellor's opening proposition. The usual charge for qualifying at an aerodrome, he finds, is £75, while an insurance company quoted him a rate of 15 per cent. against accident and death. "This," he writes regarding the premium, "is not good enough, so I decide to risk it." On inquiry at the War Office, he was told that no advice was given as to what school he should attend, or on what machine he should learn, except that the biplane at present was preferred to the monoplane. "I had simply to get my certificate in any way I liked, and the War Office would refund me £75." So much for the War Office.

The Prestige
of the
French Certificate.

It is significant that Captain Mellor was advised by an experienced airman to go to France to qualify, as the prestige of the French certificate was higher than the English one. Captain Mellor says he has no cause to regret having acted on this advice. "At the same time," he is careful to add, "I cannot say I should not have done as well had I stayed in England." He was, however, much impressed with the difference between French national enthusiasm and British apathy about flying, when he visited the Exhibition of Aerial Locomotion at the Salon. "It makes one's heart sink," he writes, "to think what a comparatively feeble interest is taken in aviation in England." The spirit in the French army on the subject appears in a list of the "Ten Commandments of the Aviator," which a French N.C.O. produced. The last two "commandments" were—

9. Nos TROIS COULEURS tu porteras Avec joie, partout, triomphalement.
10. Et pour La Francs acriferas Ta vie, s'il le faut, glorieusement.

British airmen, of course, would do the same for the Union Jack, if they were given the chance.

The "Brevet Civil" and the "Brevet Militaire."

Rejecting the school at Buc, near Versailles, lest the proximity of the Boulevards should prove a fatal attraction, Captain Mellor chose the school at Etampes for taking his *brevet civil*. The *brevet militaire*, he points out,

but less searching. All the French military pilots have obtained their *brevet militaire*. Only two English officers at present hold a special certificate. It is devoutly to be hoped that English officers will be given the opportunity of attaining the high standard possessed by their French *confrères*. The tests for the *brevet militaire* require four or five months' training: the *brevet civil* has been obtained in some cases in two or three days, and the average actual flying time spent in the air by a number of pupils at Etampes before obtaining it worked out at only about seven hours. The number of days depends on the weather.

A Thrill and British Phlegm.

All the technicalities in the art of controlling an aeroplane, as they present themselves to a novice, are described most clearly and readably by Captain Mellor. His account of his sensations and difficulties is so fresh and straightforward that even a reader without any knowledge of flying can enter into and realise the whole thing. To other beginners in the science of flight the book is sure to be extremely useful. There are not many exciting moments, for the way of the learner is made safe, and the author declares that flying is not so dangerous as mountain-climbing. But a real thrill comes when he takes his altitude test, and rises over 1000 feet instead of merely the stipulated 50 metres. "I was not sure now what I was doing, whether I was going down, horizontally, or up. The awful thought struck me that I might be going up at some impossible angle, dangerously *cabré*! . . . I hung on like grim death." The adventure ended well, however, and "the deed having been done, all and sundry were most congratulatory. The pilot said I had been too high, but was distinctly pleased. For another he would have had fear, he said, but in this case he trusted to British phlegm."

Marcel's Trousers. As mentioned by M. Maurice Farman in his Introduction, Captain Mellor brings out the amusing side of a pupil-airman's life. One day, for example, "a brand-new [pupil] turned up, accompanied by his parents. . . . The new chum's father was taken for a turn, and was previously overheard to say that he must have a flight to see if his legs got cold, and whether it would be really necessary to get Marcel leather trousers as well as coat. (As he had only a short trip, and it was a warm day, paterfamilias's legs did not get cold, and the son never got his trousers.) Madame, meanwhile, was making inquiries as to whether her boy would find himself in a *bon milieu*, and looked the rest of us up and down in a very searching manner." The feminine element among visitors to the school suggests another comment. "In the afternoon the officers sometimes brought their ladies to join the party. The fund of small talk on these occasions seemed absolutely inexhaustible, though occasionally one nearly had a back somersault at the turn taken by the conversation, a turn which an Englishman would studiously avoid in the society of ladies."



A PEASANT AS A BEEHIVE: HIS BACK OPENED UP FOR INSPECTION.



BEE-KEEPERS' PLEASANTRIES IN GERMANY—"PEASANT" BEEHIVES: THEIR EVERYDAY APPEARANCE.

The Society of German and Austrian beekeepers have this summer opened a Bee Exhibition, which is proving as interesting as it is novel and attractive. It is expected also to make beekeeping widely popular over Central Europe. Among the exhibits are travelling bee-caravans specially fitted up, and a very original type of beehive modelled as human figures in the garb of peasants. We show a pair above, what they look like both closed and open.

Photographs by A. Grohs.

is a far more severe and drastic test, while "the special certificate of the Royal Aero Club of the United Kingdom is of a similar order,

* "The Airman. Experiences while Obtaining a Brevet in France." By Captain C. Mellor, R.E.; with an Introduction by Maurice Farman; and eight Illustrations. (John Lane; 3s. 6d. net.)

OUR SPORTING NOISETTES.



THE GIRL CARRYING THE DUMMY CLUBS: My dear girl, why don't you get a set of these *papier-mache* golf-sticks — light as a feather, and much smarter than a sunshade?

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE MAGNET.

By WILLIAM FREEMAN.

I.

SKELPER'S ALLEY is not an inviting thoroughfare. If you take one of the many turnings leading from Shoreditch High Street, you may eventually find it, but you enter it at your own risk. It is, in short, an unsavoury *cul-de-sac* with a still more unsavoury reputation. There is a beetle-browed public-house at the corner, and a second-hand shop, of sorts, at the further end; and for the rest, its dilapidated buildings shelter as miscellaneous an assortment of criminals as one is likely to find in the Metropolis.

Mere accident brought Foster to the Alley—the rumour that Brinstein, of the second-hand shop, had a couple of Chinese ivories worth the risk of securing. There are few places into which the ardent collector will not penetrate, but Foster was wishing heartily that he had remained at home long before the end of the Alley was reached. The ivories proved to be forgeries, and poor forgeries at that, and Brinstein himself proved to be a receiver of a particularly sinister and bullying type. But for the fact that Foster, even to the casual eye, was extremely well able to take care of himself, he ran an excellent chance of being roughly handled before he reached the comparative safety of the High Street again.

He was some way down the Alley, and in no mood to lend a sympathetic ear to other people's troubles, when the first shout of a little elderly man in grey drew his attention. Two louts who, hands in pockets, had been watching him from opposite doorways sauntered forth simultaneously; a third appeared from somewhere in the rear; a fourth, scenting the possibility of loot—the little man was respectability incarnate—barred the pathway in front. For a few yards they hovered on his track, and then, wolf-like, closed in. The little man made an ineffective movement with his arm, which knocked off the cap of the nearest assailant, and then, with a helpless shout, went down.

Foster, twenty yards behind, saw and heard all. He had a legitimate grievance of his own against the Alley. He sprinted to where the five were struggling in the greasy mud of the cobbles and hit out twice—swinging blows at excellent range.

The first man went down, and lay with his head against the kerb, too dazed even for blasphemy. The second dodged, saw Foster drawing back to strike again, and took to his heels. Foster, glowing comfortably, with two bleeding knuckles and a general sensation of looking rather like the hero of a Surrey-side melodrama, prepared to deal with the remaining members of the pack.

But a fight with fisticuffs is altogether too civilised for Skelper's Alley. Its preference is for knives or belts. One of the two dragged himself from the little man's nerveless grip and slid a murderous hand towards his hip.

"Settle 'em, Bill!" he said, and Bill's right hand performed a similar evolution. For Foster the moment was one of sickening disillusion. He had been flattering himself that the fight was virtually over.

The man in grey staggered to his feet. From his pocket rolled a fragment of some dark-blue mineral. He stooped, regained it, and flung it at the upraised arm of Bill's companion, who saw it coming and did not trouble to evade it. The mineral struck him lightly on the shoulder.

Forthwith, from being simply dramatic, the affair became inexplicable. The knife poised in Bill's hand shot from his grasp. Foster saw the flash, heard the chink of steel against steel, and realised that both weapons were quivering horribly in the shoulder of the man who had been struck by the mineral. The stone itself had rolled out of sight.

The wounded man, with a yell of pain, dragged out the knives and flung them down. The blades spun, and came to rest point to point.

"Gawd!" said Bill, in a sobbing undertone, and ran. His companion, clutching a soaked sleeve, and the man who had been lying half-stunned, followed. Foster and the man in grey were alone.

"I am infinitely obliged to you," said the little man. He recovered the blue mineral from a puddle and slipped it into a chamois-leather bag. Foster, regarding him dispassionately, perceived that the forehead was extraordinarily fine, the lips thin and ungenerous, the eyes steel-hard.

"You don't understand," said the little man. "But how should you? Let us, at any rate, escape from this pestilential hole."

They walked, watched but unmolested, to the end of the Alley. The man in grey spoke again—

"You must come back to my rooms with me. We have both been badly shaken, and I am an old man. And I have few friends—none, I think, who would have run such risks on my behalf."

Foster, mumbling a sentence of depreciation, hesitated.

"Something in the nature of an explanation," hinted the other, watching him.

Acute curiosity was, indeed, Foster's prevalent emotion. The *dénouement* had been a thing clean outside the range of his experience.

"If you wish it," he said; and the little man nodded and waved to a passing cab.

Foster did not hear the instructions given to the driver, but they drew up at last at a narrow, bow-fronted house. The dank rawness of the day had changed to a smoky fog, which lay in dense patches, and his sense of direction had deserted him utterly. The little man led the way to a room which was half-library, half-laboratory.

"You will find cigars on the shelf behind you," he said, "and there's a tantalus somewhere on your right. As to the explanations, I fear that, to the layman, they may appear as limited as my hospitality. I will begin by assuming that you are familiar with the effects of magnetism, and the statement that what you have witnessed to-day is simply magnetism in an extraordinarily intensified form."

Foster nodded.

"We have still almost everything to learn concerning its origin. But I, at all events, have discovered that magnetism can be isolated, concentrated, and rendered transmissible. What you saw was a fragment of magnetic amalgam, transmitting its properties freely and retaining them very briefly. I visited the Alley to-day because it had been rumoured that Brinstein had received a supply of the mineral essential to my experiments. We failed to come to terms—Brinstein is the most avaricious scoundrel it has been my ill-fortune to meet, and I am not a rich man. What happened afterwards we need hardly discuss."

Foster broke the silence that followed.

"Your magnetically charged amalgam was flung experimentally, and on the spur of the moment, I imagine?"

"It was. The effects were rather dramatic. It is interesting to note that a blow hastens the escape of the magnetic fluid, as though one were jerking water out of a bottle. Water itself is a non-conductor, and the same applies to leather."

Foster made a movement to leave.

"Good-bye, and many thanks," he said awkwardly.

"But your name—?"

Foster fumbled, hastily and unsuccessfully, for a card.

"It is Foster—Martin Foster."

"I ask, Mr. Foster, because my future experiments may be upon a scale involving a certain amount of risk to others—risks which I have no desire to inflict upon my friends. The subject is not a pleasant one, but there was an affair in my early days—a mere matter of vivisection—to which the authorities thought fit to object. I was censured by a blockhead of a magistrate, hissed in the street, deprived of my college appointment, and subjected to a good deal of persecution. The public may have forgotten, but I have not. . . . Good-morning!"

Foster walked down the steps of the bow-fronted house like a man under the influence of a dream.

"The man is mad," he told himself. "Possibly something of a conjurer into the bargain. . . . An extraordinary affair, from beginning to end."

A loitering taxi passed him. He climbed into the vehicle and drove back through the fog to his rooms.

II.

Foster, possessing an independent income, had dabbled in several hobbies with more or less enthusiasm. Just how far his evolution into a successful barrister was likely to be affected by his engagement to Evelyn Crane was a matter of conjecture, but a rather absurd pride made her refuse to marry him until her contract with the typewriting firm who employed her had expired. Both she and Foster were looking forward to the spring with more than ordinary hopefulness.

(Continued overleaf.)

THEN EVERYTHING WENT SMOOTHLY!



HUSBAND (*to ample spouse*): For heaven's sake, don't flop about like that, Martha, if you don't want to be left a widow.
Every time you go under I'm out of my depth.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.

The day following was not only fine, but a Saturday—a blessed half-day of liberty reserved for theatres and similar irresponsibilities. Foster, when he left his rooms for the Cranes' villa at Ditton, was on the best of terms with himself and the universe.

At Waterloo he felt a light touch on his arm, and looked down to find himself face to face with the little Professor.

"You are travelling by this train, Mr. Foster?"

Foster nodded.

"There is another in less than forty minutes."

"I have an appointment," said Foster shortly. His inherent dislike of the man became suddenly intensified. He made as if to move away.

"You will have a better chance of keeping it if you delay."

Foster came surprisingly near to losing his temper. He shook his head impatiently, and made a plunge in the direction of the nearest compartment. The Professor followed him to the door.

"You are running risks which——"

The guard blew his whistle. Foster, as the train left the terminus with gathering speed, fell to wondering whether it was altogether well for humanity that help had arrived to save the man in grey from the wolves of Skelper's Alley.

In the cutting outside Surbiton the train came to a sudden jarring stop. There was a delay of twenty minutes. Foster chafed openly; a facetious workman in blue overalls hinted that they were being held up by wireless rays from Germany, and appealed to the guard, who was passing along the footboard.

"You've had the escape of your lives," said the guard grimly.

"If the Southampton express hadn't been shunted in time, another half-minute would have seen her piled on top of us."

"Any unusual obstruction?" asked Foster.

The man shook his head.

"Not unless you count the handful of blue stones that have been dropped from the window of a first-class compartment lower down."

He hurried away, and a little later the train, with a jolt, moved on again.

Foster, as he passed through the ticket-barrier, had a momentary glimpse of the Professor. His suspicions suddenly crystallised into conviction. From the platform he made his way to the police-station. If the Professor was beginning a deliberate war against society, society, at all events, should not go unwarned.

Foster interviewed the sergeant-in-charge—a young officer lately promoted—and did his best to explain his theories coolly and convincingly. The man listened politely enough, but with obvious disbelief. Had Foster any portion of the miraculous blue stone to produce as evidence? Foster, of course, had not. The mineral had been dropped half-a-mile down the line, and was by this time crushed to powder and scattered to the four winds of heaven. Could he supply the name and address of the Professor? Again Foster shook his head. The discussion ended in contemptuous civility on the one side and badly concealed exasperation on the other.

He reached the Cranes' house an hour late. Evelyn was out. A curt little note on the dining-room mantelpiece informed him that, after waiting some time, she had gone on a shopping expedition with her mother. A second note had been delivered for Foster, the maid told him, within the last ten minutes.

Foster took the envelope from her. He failed to recognise the handwriting.

"Dear Mr. Foster" (he read)—"After our last encounter your visit to the police-station scarcely surprised me. Did they believe your story there? I venture to doubt it. In any case, official action of any sort against myself is likely to be not only futile but (I speak as a friend) disastrous both to you and the lady who, if I judge correctly from the letter you dropped yesterday and which I return herewith, is shortly to become Mrs. Foster. My future experiments are likely to be on a more extensive scale—it is essential that they should not be interrupted."

There was no signature.

Foster was not a particularly quick-witted man, and he read the letter twice before its full significance broke upon him. He hesitated, pencilled a note to Evelyn, and then changed his mind and decided to wait and see her.

Five minutes later the bell rang. It was the sergeant he had encountered earlier in the afternoon.

"With regard to that little matter you were mentioning, Sir——"

"Yes?" said Foster sharply.

"It seems that there's been curious happenings in the City to-day—machinery stopped sudden, breakdowns on the Tubes, and so forth. In each case they've found traces of bluish stone near at hand. . . . Taking one thing with another, we've come to the conclusion that it'd be as well if you'd be good enough to tell your story over again at headquarters."

It was borne upon Foster that he was facing the crisis of his life. In his pocket was the Professor's letter—unmistakably a clue, still more unmistakably a threat. For an instant he hesitated.

"All right—I'll come," he said.

III.

It was an unequal contest. More than once Foster doubted his sanity in embarking upon it. The police discovered the whereabouts

of the bow-fronted house—it was in a bye-street off the Caledonian Road—but the Professor's rooms were empty, and no amount of ingenuity availed them in tracing him.

Yet Foster's reminders of his hostility were unceasing. Twice he escaped a railway disaster by the merest miracle. Following upon the second attempt, there came an explosion of the heating apparatus in Evelyn's office, which wrecked the room, though it left her untouched. The new annexe to the hotel at the end of Foster's road came down with a crash in the very moment of his passing. A cab in which he was hurrying to the station swerved suddenly across the road, as though drawn by an invisible chain, and was flung against the wheels of a traction-engine. Foster, as he leapt from the wreckage, saw clearly the chips of bluish stone, smashed to powder an instant later, and the malevolent face of the little man in workman's corduroys who had thrown it.

He was bruised and badly shaken, and for a couple of days did not leave his rooms. On the evening of the third day a note in Evelyn's handwriting was brought him.

"DEAR OLD BOY,—I'll meet you at the corner of Skelper's Alley at three. But what an extraordinary neighbourhood in which to make 'an appointment of vital importance'!—In haste, E."

Foster glanced at the date. It was that of the previous day. The note, delivered by hand, had just come. He struggled into a hat and coat and dashed to the nearest cab-rank. A four-wheeler was the best he could achieve. The clocks were booming "five" as the man, lashing the horse to a gallop, clattered down the street.

Twenty minutes later Foster found himself at the entrance to the Alley. But for the presence of a couple of apathetic loafers the place seemed deserted. A youth emerged from the grimy little tavern.

"The young lady's waiting in the room above," he said glibly, and, leading the way up a dingy flight of stairs, opened a door and pushed him forward.

Foster found himself face to face with the Professor. He perceived that he carried a revolver, though his manner was suave. Foster himself, in his haste, had come unarmed, and cursed himself for his foolishness.

"Be seated for a moment, Mr. Foster. There is no need for elaborate explanations between us, I think. It was I, of course, who sent the note which brought your fiancée here, where she will remain, more or less as a hostage, until you have done me a final service, our friend the landlord being one of those useful people who ask no questions so long as they are well paid."

"Well?" said Foster hoarsely.

"I am in urgent need of the minerals which I failed to buy of Brinstein. My experiments must come to an end unless I obtain them. It is obviously unsafe for me to show myself in the Alley, and I have no one else whom I can send. I will give you five hundred pounds to buy the minerals from the man on his own terms. Miss Crane shall be set at liberty when you bring them here."

Foster, without answering, crossed to the door on the further side of the room. The Professor raised the revolver, and then changed his mind and lowered it again. The door was locked. Foster, with a thrust of his shoulder, burst it open. Evelyn, white-cheeked, but with her eyes blazing, came towards him.

"I—I overheard. Martin, don't do it. He has been telling me of his hideous experiments with the stone. Dear, I'd rather that we both died than that they should go on!"

"You hear?" said Foster, turning.

"The penalty," said the Professor, "strikes me as an excessive one. My weapon is virtually noiseless. I——"

Foster was scarcely listening. Sub-consciously, he was aware that the door leading to the stairs and the passage below had opened, and that the faces of three of the men he had fought in the Alley were watching the Professor from the gap. For Skelper's Alley does not forgive or forget. Its vendettas are fought to the bitter end. They rise superior even to the intervention of the law.

The three advanced, the man called Bill leading.

"We see 'im come," he said—he addressed Foster, but his beady eyes were upon the Professor. "We've no quarrel wiv *you*—you fought fair enough—nor wiv the lady. But——"

The thin crack of the Professor's revolver interrupted him. The original plans of the three Foster never knew, but it brought their fury to a sudden culmination. In a rush they closed upon the grey-clad figure. The revolver snapped again, and then clattered to the floor.

Foster and the girl saw it all before intervention was possible—the Professor driven backwards towards the open window, an up-raised blade, a hand that clutched a shining blue stone raised in defence. Outside ran a narrow and rusty balcony. They saw it, as under a sudden shock, sway on its supports—lurch forward—fall. The crash which filled the Alley with dust and clamour drowned their shout of horror.

Foster crossed to where the men were huddled at the window and peered down. Both dust and clamour had died away before he spoke.

"He is dead!" he said—and did not recognise his own voice.

"Thank God!" breathed the girl.

They turned, and stumbled down the stairs and out into the street. Foster had a glimpse, through the crowd, of the body that was being lifted from the encumbering ironwork. A fragment of blue stone was still clutched in the thin hand.

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

ABOUT TAKING A HOLIDAY PARTNER: WHERE BEST TO PLAY: DON'T OVERBURDEN YOURSELF.

The Holiday Partner.

You, my dear brother—or perchance you may be my sweet sister—are just about to make a mess of things. I know it. You have done it before; you did it last August—or it may have been September, I forget—and you said then that that should be the very last time. You swore off for ever and ever from those practices that then led up to your making that mess of things. Now you are at it again, or about to be. You think now that perhaps you were wrong in what you suspected as the cause of last year's trouble, and you are in that robust mood of perfect mental and physical health when you say—if my sister—that perhaps it does not matter much, after all; and—if my bad and weak brother—that you are going to have a good time anyhow, and be blown to the consequences. You are going to do all those things that are described in the "Golfer's Book of Fear and Fate," in the chapter "The Holiday Season," as the most deadly sins. You have decided to go off on your holiday with a person you only met recently and with whom, in a short space of time, you have made an intimate acquaintance. Certainly he seems a decent sort of man, he plays a good game, and is companionable. But you have no experience of him as a golfing holiday partner; and yet you are fastening yourself up with him, and him alone, for three weeks in August! It would be saner and more prudent to make a bet that you would walk out of your front-door and ask the first girl you then saw to marry you, and to win your bet, and marry her. I prophesy that you two will have a quarrel about the sixth or seventh day, and that you will give up the holiday the following week, each then proceeding in a different direction. Remember, golf finds out the *real truth*, and sometimes it is unpleasant; and this matter of holiday companions is of vital importance.

Choosing the Course.

Have you not been warned enough against visiting, for your holiday, courses of the "championship standard," with ten more bunkers to every hole than are good for any twelve handicap man, as you are? Yet you go again to such a course, and you will be in the torments of strain and failure all the time. Why not do as you promised last September, and trip away to one of those quiet little places where all the long holes but two are about 360 yards each, and there are five short holes in the round? Then even you, with your twelve handicap, might do an 81, perhaps even less than that, and your spirits and confidence would be so much

improved that your golf would be bettered also; and, when you got back home, upon my word, you might begin to do your 81's there also. You should encourage and satisfy yourself on your holiday. You take things quite hard enough at other times. Golf at home is not easy in these days, as it used to be once. And even if you must have a fairly difficult course, why go to that crowded one again and wait for an hour and a-half on the first tee every morning, and fifteen minutes at the short holes afterwards? Think of the glorious courses

that there are where no such crowds ever gather. Oh, yes, there are plenty in Scotland, too. Have you never heard of Brora? At Dornoch, too, you will not be crowded off the links. Nairn and Lossiemouth are very nice indeed. You could go to Machrihanish. On our English east coast there is Seacroft, one of the very best; over in Wales there is Porthcawl, than which you would never wish for anything nicer; in Ireland there is Rosapenna, Portsalon, and so many others. Man—or girl—where is your imagination?

Too Many Spare Clubs. And it is sad to see

you taking nine spare clubs in that bag of yours. Yes, you will do as you did last year. You will take three drivers out with you, and you will use all three in your round. You will use two others the next day, and on the third day you will have lost all the knowledge you ever acquired about driving. So with pitches and putting. I wish you would just take off with you the regular set of clubs and no others—just those that you play with for the monthly medals; and surely, in the name of good St. Andrew, they are enough! And why not leave those books at home? If you would have a happy, peaceful holiday, just stick to your old game. And you have (you know you have) decided that you will play three rounds a day for the



A CARRY-OVER — TO THE DEBIT SIDE.

ISAACSTERN (as the head flies off his driver): Look, Rachel, kvick; this ish the finest drive I've ever seen.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

first few days, and it does not matter if you do pretend that it is just to get the stiffness out of you and set your muscles in order. It is too much, and as sure as fate it will bring staleness on in a week, and then you will be in a pretty pickle. And you have put the sea-bathing toggery in the suit-case, and you know so well that the morning dip kills the golfing swing. Of course, if you must bathe, then do so, but don't write letters to me afterwards complaining that from the day you arrived at the place to the day of leaving you never hit one really good shot. You may have a good time, despite it all. Let us hope so.

HENRY LEACH.



FROM THE EMERALD ISLE : A ROLLING CHAIR : MALCOLM SCOTT.

WHATEVER may be the opinion formed by other halls as to the advisability of continuing the policy of producing countless sketches, the Coliseum appears to be quite convinced of the power of these entertainments to attract and to please, and when one finds in one and the same programme at this house no less than three, one begins to realise how great is its faith. Not content with presenting Mr. Seymour Hicks and Miss Ellaline Terriss in Mr. Max Pemberton's version of "David Garrick," as well as Miss Irene Vanbrugh in Sir James Barrie's delicious "Rosalind," the Coliseum must needs import the Irish Players, of whose recent performances at the Court Theatre so much has been said and written. The pundits have been unanimous in acclaiming these Hibernian histrions to the skies, and in pointing to them as constituting a brilliant example which the English Stage would do well to follow, and consequently it was in high hopes of meeting with something very much out of the ordinary that I went to see these geniuses interpret Lady Gregory's "Hyacinth Halvey." I must own that the performance failed to come up to my expectations. If I tried to set down one half of what went on upon the stage, I am convinced that I should come a cropper. Although I was in the very front row, the major portion of the dialogue escaped me, and I was therefore hardly in a position to follow the curious happenings in the little town of Cloon. The exponents of Lady Gregory's little comedy are undoubtedly accomplished, but it struck me that the house was far too large for their methods. Great efforts are made to extract fun from a new sanitary inspector, whose life is overburdened with a reputation for loftiness of character, and there is much excitement on the stage over the stealing of a dead sheep and the discovery of half-a-crown on the person of the post-boy, but it was all very hard to follow. One could not help feeling that the local colour was largely to be discovered in Hyacinth Halvey's hair; and as the piece proceeded, I began to experience an uneasy suspicion that not all the rich brogue was bona-fide, and that if one met the performers in real life one would find them speaking a language much more akin to the Saxon.

The Unavoidable. There are some toils from which it is impossible to escape, however warily one makes one's way. I was attracted the other evening by an announcement that amongst the items on the programme at the Pavilion was "a rolling chair flirtation by Ruby Raymond and Co." This looked simple enough, and of itself contained nothing to arouse apprehension. There are few things nowadays which are not called

upon to contribute their share in the great work of enabling music-halls to provide the requisite amount of variety; but the rolling chair was new to me, and in sheer guilelessness I went to see what the new turn might be. But, alas for the frailty of man! No sooner had the curtain gone up than there flashed across me the full and painful knowledge that I was in for yet another symposium of syncopation. I cannot exactly claim that I was induced to go by false pretences, for Miss Ruby Raymond does actually sing the first of her songs from a rolling chair, though she might just as well have sung it from any other form of vehicle—or from a steam-roller,

for that matter. Her "Co." very largely consists of a gentleman of easy address who sings quite well; but there is a third who comes on now and then and executes dances with genuine American ferocity. The music is all uncompromisingly rag-time, the lyrics possess the now well-known knack of meaning nothing, and the general tone is up-to-date to the last degree. I felt myself an injured person; but so long as the craze lasts one must expect to encounter it in unexpected places, and whatever may be the shortcomings of the rolling stone, Miss Ruby Raymond will very likely find that the rolling chair will gather Moss, not to mention Stoll.

"The Woman Who Knows." Despite all these invasions

from abroad and the ceaseless introduction of novelties within, there are certain old favourites who pursue the even tenor of their way, quite unperturbed and quite confident that their position is in no way jeopardised by such things. One of these is Mr. Malcolm Scott, whom I found at the Tivoli the other evening entertaining an audience which punctuated his patter with untiring laughter. I am not gifted enough to be able to say why Mr. Scott should attire himself as Catherine Parr, but as he chooses to do so, I should be the last to carp, for he is one of the people who always make me laugh. His

unctuous femininity, his giggles and grimaces, and the cheery way in which he rambles on always make me feel happy. Although he is completely inconsequent, there is a lot of shrewdness underlying his chatter, and his comments on the passing show are always apt and often witty, and one cannot help seeing that in quite a number of cases his comments are made just as they occur to him on the spur of the moment. It is no matter for surprise that Mr. Malcolm Scott retains his popularity, for he is thoroughly original and genuinely amusing. One of the "Army Captains" may find it helpful to state on the programme that he is the son of a Field-Marshal, but it will be long before Mr. Scott has to depend for his success upon a proclamation of the fact that he is brother to one of our most capable and ingenious Admirals.

ROVER.



NOT "DUPLICATE PAVLOVAS": MME. PAVLOVA AND PUPILS FROM HER HAMPSTEAD SCHOOL OF DANCING WHO APPEARED WITH HER IN A SPECIAL MATINÉE AT THE PALACE LAST WEEK.

One of the attractions of Mme. Pavlova's final fortnight at the Palace was the special matinée on July 31, when she arranged to appear with the young pupils from her school of dancing at Hampstead. "The system of teaching at my school," she has said, "is different to any other in England. . . . I seek to develop their own personality and ideas—that they shall be their natural selves rather than duplicate Pavlovas. . . . I have a number of ballet-masters, under each of whom the children study to dance in a way to please the different lands." Mme. Pavlova says ten or eleven is the right age to begin to learn ballet-dancing.



THE WHEEL AND THE WING

FRENCH CELEBRITIES ON MOTORING: NEXT YEAR IN MANXLAND: AMERICA'S BIG ROAD: PETROL MEASURE.

Testimony Tremendous.

"L'Auto, La Route, et L'Homme" (Tome I.) is a most sumptuous album which is issued to their friends by that wonderful firm, Automobiles Delaunay-Belleville. It consists of dissertations on automobilism provoked by the A.D.B. from the flashing and eloquently thrilling pens of such great French men and women as Marcel Boulenger, Curnousky, Max and Alex Fischer, Anatole France, Franc-Nohain, Felix Galipaux, Henry Kistemaekers, Ernest La Jeunesse, Charles Müller, Paul Reboux, Réjane, Jean Richepin, Rip, Edmond Rostand, Sem, Claude Terrasse, Pierre Veber, and Willy. These sparkling tributes to automobilism are not given in cold, leaden-eyed type, but in actual scrip facsimile as they flowed from

the pens of their gifted authors. They are each and all of them gems of prose and verse. M. Anatole France writes: "Eh bien, si vous voulez le savoir, je tiens l'auto pour un Génie bienfaisant que, diminuant les distances, rend nos jours plus divers, plus riches, et plus pleins, la vie plus grande, contribue à la prospérité publique, et travaille insensiblement à la concordie universelle."

A Race Next Year in Man.

Although, most unkindly, the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders most effectually scotched the proposal for a motor race in the Isle of Man this year, it would appear that they have at last



A CURIOUS PHOTOGRAPH OF A RACE IN MID-AIR: A REMARKABLE SIGHT AT HENDON.

At Hendon recently a remarkable race took place which produced this curious photograph. Two bi-planes are seen together in the air, flying in what seems, to the onlooker, somewhat perilous proximity. Mr. R. H. Carr was in the upper bi-plane, and in the lower, Mr. Turner, who, unfortunately, came to grief with his 45-h.p. Caudron in the second heat by breaking a skid in landing.

Photograph by Record Press.

succumbed to the soft blandishments of the Royal Automobile Club, and have agreed to support an event in Hall Caine's island in June of next year. In the face of what continues to occur across the Channel, they could hardly have done otherwise, although, to my mind, they have rendered the British industry more than considerable harm by their late obstinacy. It is well, however, that—tardily—they have seen the error of their ways, although we have to wait a whole twelvemonth for the rectification of a mistake. By the time these lines see the light the regulations will have been issued, so that the most captious of makers will not be able to back out on the grounds of short notice. I learn, incidentally, that the race will be a two-days race, for cars driven by four-cylinder internal-combustion engines, about three hundred miles being run on each day. This, over the Isle of Man course, will prove a much severer test than has been provided by any of the recent French races.

A Great Road Over a Great Country.

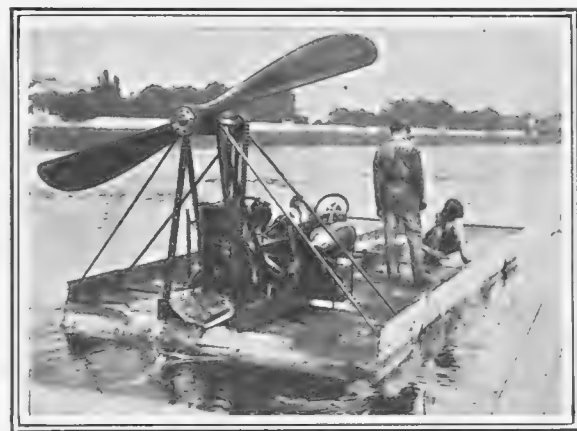
A great country is naturally delivered of great ideas, and the proposal to construct an American trans-continental highway cannot be classed as a small notion. It would appear that the time which separates our American cousins from this stupendous facility is nothing but the period necessary to construct it, for of the 10,000,000 dollars (over £2,000,000 sterling), a little less than half has already been pledged. The majority of the subscriptions have come from motor organisations and manufacturers, but the huge

benefit of such an undertaking to the community at large is so obvious that an active campaign to raise the rest of the money by general subscription

has already been organised. The existence of such a highway in the States would give an enormous fillip to automobilism across the Atlantic, and would lead to extended road-construction on the part of great towns, who would desire to link up with the Big Road. On the other hand, we in this little island cannot get money voted to develop and complete the great through-highways which the Romans made for us nearly two thousand years ago.

Petrol Shortages.

"There is no smoke without fire," and there is good reason underlying many of the complaints of short measure in the two-gallon petrol-tins which appear in the automobile Press. Those responsible for the supply of the spirit at its source declare that, owing to the mechanical means of measuring two gallons of spirit into each can, a can containing less than that quantity cannot leave their premises. But the fact remains that good, reputable people, having purchased cans of petrol, properly sealed and showing no sign of leakage or evaporation, have, upon carefully checking the contents, found shortages of varying quantities. To the average motorist life is too short to measure his petrol: he just tips the contents of the can he buys straight into his petrol-tank and takes his two gallons for granted; but if in isolated instances considerable shortages are found, doubt rises in the human breast which ought to be set at rest. What are the Government inspectors who harass petty tradespeople doing? Have they no mandate to check petrol-measurements occasionally?



A BOAT WITH A PROPELLER IN THE AIR: THE LAMBERT HYDROPLANE GETTING READY TO START.

This is a near view of the working mechanism of the Lambert hydroplane, when about to make its speed trial at Triel the other day. "Le Flyer," as it is called, is 7 metres long (or 22'960 feet) by 3 metres broad (or 9'840 feet). It is driven by a Gnome motor of 160 h.p., with a propeller in the air, as our illustration shows, and weighs altogether 800 kilos, or between 7 and 8 tons.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.



A VERY SAFE-LOOKING CRAFT: "LE FLYER," THE LAMBERT HYDROPLANE.

M. Paul Tissandier recently tested the paces of the Lambert hydroplane, "Le Flyer," in a speed trial at Triel. Our illustration shows Count Lambert at the wheel, next to M. Paul Tissandier.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.



SMALL TALK

THOSE who had the good fortune to see the play for the Davis Cup at Wimbledon were twice fortunate when Princess Mary, an enthusiastic onlooker, came within their range of vision, or if they heard her rapturous bursts of applause at a fine rally. Surprise and suspense and positively thrilling recoveries abounded in the doubles, whereas in the singles the very perfection of placing cut the rallies short and slackened the interest of the spectator.

One courtier sitting near the young royal party did not miss the opportunity of drawing a moral from this circumstance. But the Princess was in no mood for repartee—she was absorbed in the only matches she thinks twice of.



A GREAT YACHTING HOSTESS AT COWES.

Eleanor, Viscountess Gort is one of the best known hostesses and entertainers of Cowes Week, and her residence, East Cowes Castle, is one of the favourite centres for Lady Gort's innumerable friends at regatta time.

Photograph by Thomson.

was Beaumont Lubbock who was told by his tutor "Your younger brother knows more than you do," and who replied, "Probably; he hasn't been at Eton so long." It will be left to Prince John to assert, in slightly different circumstances, the rights of a youngest son. The Lubbock saying has quite the ring of his own fighting repartees.



ABSENT FROM COWES FESTIVITIES THIS YEAR: LADY GORT.

Viscountess Gort was prevented by an interesting domestic event from taking her accustomed part at Cowes. On July 27 her second son was born. Her marriage took place in 1911, and her first son, the Hon. Charles Vereker, was born last year.

Photograph by Kirk.

Commons—"Oh, very Commons," George Wyndham used to say. As a reaction from the Parliamentary career which he hated, he had resolved that no bores should ever enter Clouds; and this, too, is a



ONE EVERYBODY AT COWES KNOWS: MRS. F. M. SINGER.

Mrs. F. M. Singer, whose yacht, "Xarifa," is at Cowes for the Regatta Week, is one of the hostesses and entertainers afloat whose presence is always welcome in the Solent.

Photograph by Kirk.

Brothers at Eton.

Prince Henry will go to Eton without any immediate experience of brotherly rivalry. The case was different with his future house-master, Mr. S. G. Lubbock, whose family has itself supplied, during the last sixty years, over twenty boys to the college. It was told by his tutor "Your younger brother knows more than you do," and who replied, "Probably; he hasn't been at Eton so long." It will be left to Prince John to assert, in slightly different circumstances, the rights of a youngest son. The Lubbock saying has quite the ring of his own fighting repartees.

At Clouds.

Mr. Percy Wyndham, though he would not stand for Dover, fulfils in other affairs his father's intentions and plans. Little of a reader himself, he has decided to proceed with the formation of a fine library at Clouds, a library such as his father, had he lived, would have considered as his crowning achievement, and a library in which Mr. Balfour would have felt himself far more at home than in the House of



THE KING'S HOST AT GOODWOOD: THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON.

As usual, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon housed the King for Goodwood this year, as the Duke always did, of course, in the past when the late King Edward paid his annual visit to the great Sussex meeting. The present Duke, who succeeded to the title in 1903, was an intimate friend of King Edward when his late Majesty was Prince of Wales.

Photograph by Lafayette.



ONE WHO WOULD BE MISSED AT COWES: MRS. FENWICK BROOKE.

Mrs. Fenwick Brooke is a devotee of Cowes Week and one of the best known figures among the ladies of the yachting world.

Photograph by Swaine.

policy in which Mr. Percy Wyndham hopes to persevere. There is no family more united in its affections than the Wyndhams, and that is why the terms of the will of the late owner of Clouds can be carried out without friction. The Wyndham article, by the way, in the current *Quarterly* is not, as some have suggested, by Mr. William Watson. It is by Mr. Wilfrid Ward.

Dukes—Three said a woman the other day. or Four? smart

The Duke of Norfolk was not one of them. Much as he is admired for his goodness by those who know him well, he is not in the reckoning when a witty lady is bent

on laying down sweepingly exclusive laws and regulations. But now that Goodwood has come and gone, she may feel inclined to enlarge the list. The Norfolk dinner in St. James's Square just before the races was, in its way, one of the events of the year; and at Goodwood itself the party of the Duke and Duchess held the field. Let it be allowed that there are four Dukes "in Society."

Goodwood When Lord Rosebery talks about manners. man- ners

he must beware of a certain friend. Nearly all the good things that can be said on the subject have been used in the set of aphorisms that do more than continue, in the younger generation, the tradition of Primrose wit. Lord Rosebery, however, frankly condescended in his address to the schoolboys. When he talks about "the commercial value of manners," he is taking into account an aspect of the question which should, from the Berkeley Square point of view, be non-existent. "If commercialism is a basis of behaviour," said a lady rather haughtily at the races, "then good manners and Goodwood manners have nothing in common." And certainly Lord Rosebery's own bearing in the enclosure is typical of the very British, and very "well-bred," absence of manners.



WELL KNOWN ON THE SOLENT: MRS. RONALD SLOANE-STANLEY.

Like her husband, Captain Ronald Sloane-Stanley, who is a keen yachtsman and a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, Mrs. Sloane-Stanley is enthusiastic in her devotion to Cowes Week. Her home is within a stone's-throw, so to speak, of the Solent: at Bay House, Alverstoke.

Photograph by Russell.



A SOCIETY LEADER AT COWES: THE COUNTESS FITZWILLIAM.

Lady Fitzwilliam and her husband, Earl Fitzwilliam, were at Cowes for some days before the Regatta Week, cruising in the Solent and off the Isle of Wight in their yacht, the "Shemara."

Photograph by Thomson.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Decline of the London Season.

Not a doubt but that there has been plenty of cakes and ale consumed during the last few months, and that many people have had an uncommonly good time, but the London Season, as a pageant, as a procession of great entertainments and splendid social enterprises, has certainly and by all accounts been a failure. Mourning has closed the doors of many great houses, and conjugal differences those of others; the young people manage to enjoy themselves in less conventional ways, and there is a decided tendency to spend the summer days in the country instead of in the stuffy town. Even the most impecunious folk seem to possess a motor, or at any rate a week-end cottage, and we are getting more and more like our forerunners, the Romans, who were for ever spending money (which they generally borrowed) on erecting country villas or making luxurious some "Sabine Farm." But the fact is that the London Season is dying out because London—except in August and September, when it is invaded by Americans and foreigners—is never without a season. It is perennially amusing and attractive, and October sees it already full again. However much the modern Briton loves a few days in the country, he is still more enamoured of the capital, and this enthusiasm is shared by a prodigious number of our kinsmen from beyond the seas. These come and go, and are not always to be found here in the months of May, June, and July. They, and the seven millions or so of Londoners, can make the place gay and agreeable at any time of the year.

Who is in Town?

I have been told, by people who have tried it, that August is one of the most sociable periods of the year in London for those who find themselves detained within sound of Big Ben. Little dinners are made up, music-halls and theatres visited, and clubs patronised far more than in the hustling days of June and July. Individuals who at other times pass each other by with a nod now rejoice in a meeting and celebrate it with a dinner or a luncheon. The only drawback to the complete enjoyment of August is that you never know who is in town. The most entertaining person in London may be lingering in the next street, but you naturally suppose him to be bathing in Brittany or climbing in Switzerland, and his desired company is never yours. An ingenious person suggests that a board should be put up in some central position—say, on the gates of Apsley House—and all desirable people detained in town in August should write their names upon it with chalk. Thus one would see at a glance the social possibilities of the week, and charming persons who would otherwise pass their evenings tediously might join forces in some agreeable form of entertainment. I can imagine strong friendships and lasting attachments being formed under such circumstances, for the situation is not unlike that of

shipwrecked persons thrown together on a desert island. "One touch of Nature"—in August—makes the Londoner curiously "kin."

Holiday-Making from London.

One of the new ways of holiday-making from London is to hire a motor-'bus, fill it inside and out, and hie away to where you please. I cannot say that it is a form of recreation which especially appeals to me, but I can imagine an uproarious party of more or less youthful persons finding this means of getting about singularly diverting. It has been suggested that the chaperons, poor dears, should all be tucked inside, and the younger generation be allowed to frolic on the top. It is not an expensive form of amusement, for you can hire one of these vehicles at three or four pounds for the entire day, and invite thirty-four people. The picnic baskets can be placed by the driver, and there is no limit (except speed) to the pretty places which can be got at in this manner. The tired Londoner, who rides too much on motor-'buses all the year round, will hardly appreciate an outing of this kind, but one can recommend it to the jaded plutocrat who has never scaled the perilous steps of "Service 76" or "17," and to the numerous royal Princes and Princesses to whom, it is notorious, omnibuses of all kinds appeal with an extraordinary fascination.

The Englishman and His Many Tongues.

We are always telling ourselves that we English are hopeless failures as linguists, but the fact is that a Briton with a turn for foreign tongues is not nearly so rare as is supposed, and that for easy mastery of the most complicated languages he beats the world. We can all name half-a-dozen men we know who are not only perfect French scholars, but who can express themselves in that language with the ease and fluency of a member of the French Academy. I have the pleasure of knowing one charming youth who habitually writes his diary in Persian—chiefly so that a younger brother shall not know of his doings—and also an eminent publicist of great age who is capable, *à l'heure qu'il est*, of learning a new language of the Near East in three summer weeks. In the Army the percentage of good linguists is remarkable; and Hindustani is soon learned, and troops handled in that tongue. The Austrian officers refuse to learn Czech, on the ground that it is too difficult, and yet half the discontent among the Slav rank-and-file is owing to commands not being given in their own language. Yet in our Army list, it takes twenty pages to contain the names of officers who have qualified in such varied tongues as Russian, Arabic, Cantonese, Cape Dutch, Chinese, Danish, Modern Greek, Hungarian, Japanese, Norwegian, Portuguese, Swedish, Turkish, and Swahili, as well as the more familiar European speech. After this, who shall say the Englishman is not capable of expressing himself in outlandish tongues?

THE TULLE COLLARETTE: A NOTABLE EFFECT FOR THE AFTERNOON.

This figure shows a white tulle collarette and sleeve-frills to match, on a black silk mantle for afternoon wear.

THE TULLE COLLARETTE: A STRIKING AND CHIC EVENING NOTE.

On a white satin evening coat the double frill of black tulle gives the fashionable contrast of black and white.

THE TULLE COLLARETTE: A DAINTY AND ATTRACTIVE EFFECT.

The white tulle Pierrot collar-ette, falling in a cascade, has a charming effect on a black broché coat.

THE TULLE COLLARETTE: ALSO AS A PROTECTION TO THE THROAT.

The collarette on this mantle being surmounted with a tulle ruche, it offers more protection to the delicate throat, without losing elegance.



CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 13.

GILT-EDGED 5 PER CENT. SECURITIES.

AT the present time it is easy to get *very first-rate security* with a yield of at least 5 per cent., and we propose to mention one or two securities of which we think the above statement is especially true. At the beginning of July an issue of £1,000,000 *Kansas City Terminal Railway Company's* three-year 5 per cent. Secured Notes was made at 98. The list was closed in a few minutes, and the Notes are now quoted at par, yielding exactly 5 per cent. to buyers. The line is used by twelve of the largest railway companies of the United States, who have jointly and severally guaranteed the principal and interest of 50,000,000 dols. of 4 per cent. First Mortgage Debentures, which for years stood at well over par, and are in these bad times quoted at 96 or 97. To secure the 5 per cent. Notes, 6,667,000 dols. of these Debentures have been deposited with the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, and as the market value of the deposit largely exceeds the amount of the Notes, and the interest guaranteed by the twelve railways is more than enough to pay the interest on the Notes, we can conceive no set of circumstances in which either the principal or interest can be in jeopardy. The most nervous widow lady might hold these Notes without a qualm.

The *Grand Trunk Railway of Canada* has lately issued £1,500,000 of five-year 5 per cent. Secured Notes at 98, and these may be bought at par. They are secured by the deposit of £2,000,000 4 per cent. Grand Trunk Perpetual Debentures with the Union of London and Smith's Bank, and as, even in the worst times during the last twenty years, these Debentures have never been in danger, and the surplus net income of the line (after payment of Debenture interest) will this year exceed £1,000,000, it is impossible to imagine a better security than these Notes form. The Debentures themselves stand at over 90 with a free market, and yield just under 4½ per cent., while the Notes, with a better—or at least as good—security, will give a return of over 5 per cent.

The *Canadian Northern Railway* recently placed in New York 3,000,000 dols. of one-year Secured Notes, for the safety of which £1,000,000 of 3½ per cent. Debentures guaranteed by the Government of the Dominion of Canada have been deposited. These Notes can be bought here to yield between 6 per cent. and 6½ per cent. to the investor, and as the principal and interest of the security are an obligation of the Dominion Government, we can see absolutely no risk. The only objection is that they are short-dated, and that next year—when times may be less propitious—the investor will have to find a new security. Still, 6 per cent., with the Government of Canada behind it, looks attractive.

NITRATE PRODUCTION.

Considerable satisfaction is expressed by those most closely connected with the Nitrate industry at the renewal of the combination governing the production in Chili. As far as we can ascertain, rather more than two-thirds of the total production will be affected, and a reduction of somewhere between two and four million quintals can be looked for.

In the ordinary course of events, we are not believers in the artificial bolstering-up of prices by means of combinations in any form or shape, but circumstances alter cases. The troubles of Europe during the last nine months, and the consequent falling-off in the demand for the fertiliser, must be regarded as quite abnormal, and we therefore consider a temporary arrangement to curtail supplies is fully justified. That it will prove effective is already shown by the rise in the price to 8s. per quintal, and we should not be surprised to see the quotation still higher before the end of the year.

This increase of price should much more than compensate the various Companies for the reduction in output, and shareholders in the sound concerns can, we are convinced, look forward to excellent results from the current year's working.

RANDOM NOTES.

The position in China cannot be said to be satisfactory, and the lack of really reliable news is rather disturbing. The Yuan-Shi-Kai party have the advantage in the matter of funds, although nobody except the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank know how much money they have had from the last loan. The Southern or rebel faction, however, are being secretly helped by the Japanese for their own ends, so we fear the trouble may be prolonged. We do not think either party, if victorious, would default on any of the loans, but we would rather hold the 1912 than the 1913 Bonds.

Kaffir shares have, not unnaturally, been a very poor market of late, owing to the labour troubles, and consequently the developments at the Van Ryn Deep mine have received far less attention than that to which they are entitled. The cabled summary of results for the past quarter states that 2355 feet were sampled, and showed an average value of 19 dwt. over 25 inches. The total ore reserves should now represent over three years' supply for the mill, and the average value must work out at something over 9 dwt. per

ton. We look upon the shares as one of the most hopeful purchases in the Kaffir Market.

The editor of the *Stockbroker* has compiled some interesting figures about Oil Companies. He took the "*Financial Times Oil Handbook*," which contains particulars of 450 Oil Companies, and "I find," he says, "that out of the 450 Companies still alive, only twenty-eight pay dividends; and of these four are Scotch Shale Companies—not actually oil, but shale—whilst a further four are not oil-producers, but oil-financiers, whose profits have been made out of share-pushing. Out of the twenty concerns left in the dividend list, eleven have not paid for both 1911 and 1912, but only for one or other of these years, so that we actually whittle down the steady dividend-payers, who produce oil and make it pay, to nine . . . and I find that I have included such very doubtful propositions as Anglo-Austrian Investment and Santa Maria." Facts such as these should successfully counteract the puffs which are so assiduously circulated to enable promoters and their friends to unload Oil shares.

We are inclined to think holders of Honduras Bonds would be wise to take advantage of the recent rise in the price of these Bonds and sell out. No arrangement can be completed without the consent of Congress, and we understand that this cannot possibly be obtained before the early part of 1914. We express no opinion as to the ultimate result of the present attempt at a settlement, but we do think that the present excitement will probably subside before the end of the year, and sellers at to-day's price would then be able to buy back considerably cheaper—if they wanted to.

Kent Coal is attracting a good deal of attention at present, and Mr. Arthur Burr is very much in the limelight. If only that same limelight could be turned upon the various Companies' finances, how much might be learned! The articles which have appeared in the *Statist* have made the position more comprehensible, but it is still hopelessly involved. In previous references to this subject we have always contented ourselves with criticising the financial side of the business, as all doubts upon the existence of coal were dissipated long ago; but we think it is a pity Mr. Burr should amuse shareholders with tales of 10s. a ton profit. He cannot really imagine that he will get an average of 17s. or 18s. per ton at the pit-mouth for any large quantities.

The "cut" in the dividend of the Illinois Central Railway, although not altogether unexpected, was badly received by the market. A year ago, it will be remembered, in spite of very poor results, the 7 per cent. dividend was maintained by means of drawing on the reserves. Although the 1912-13 results show considerable improvement, the profits are not yet back to the normal, and the directors apparently do not care to incur another deficit. The Railway, however, is one of the best managed in the States, and we do not think it will be long before the dividend is increased. At all events, the distribution never has been, and we think never will be, reduced below 5 per cent., so holders stand to lose nothing by holding on.

Saturday, August 1, 1913.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

E. A. W.—(1) Hold, but don't buy more until peace is settled. (2) It is a pure gamble, as the price depends solely upon insiders' wishes: as you have such a small holding, we are inclined to think you would do better to cut your loss than to put up any more money.

TASMA.—Your writing is not very plain, and we cannot identify either Company. Write again, giving names fully and plainly. In the meantime keep your money in the bank, where it is safe.

S. D.—We do not advise (1) or (2), but (3) is a very reasonable purchase.

NOTE.—As we go to press early this week we ask the indulgence of correspondents whose answers are unavoidably held over.

THRELFALL'S BREWERY'S EXCELLENT YEAR.—Speaking at the Twenty-Sixth Annual General Meeting of Threlfall's Brewery Company at Cannon Street Hotel, Mr. Charles Threlfall, the Chairman, congratulated the Company on an even better year than last year, excellent as that was. He was pleased, he said, to find the firm in a still stronger position, for their profits showed an increase, notwithstanding the high prices of materials. There had been a steady improvement in trade during the past year, and there were hopeful signs of a continuance. Referring to the accounts, the gross profit on trading account was £197,952 3s. 8d., against £193,742 9s. 1d. last year—an increase of £4209 14s. 7d. They had written off, for depreciation, £43,744 8s. 4d., against £40,335 15s. 4d. last year, an increase of £3408 13s., and were carrying forward the substantial sum of £39,560 18s. 6d. to next year. He had great pleasure in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, and that dividends at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on the Preference shares, and at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum on the Ordinary shares, should be paid for the year ending June 30, 1913. The retiring directors (Mr. P. J. Feeny and Mr. Charles Threlfall) and the auditors were unanimously re-elected.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

The Indispensable Holiday Companion.

Wherever you go, whatever you do, however you do it, do not be without "4711." I need not add eau-de-Cologne, because every reader will know what I mean. Each year the invaluable qualities of this splendid perfume become more appreciated. If tired and dusty in a railway carriage, "4711" is the



TO BE MARRIED TO CAPTAIN C. H. G. BLACK ON AUG. 7: MISS AUGUSTA SHIPTON GREEN.

Miss Augusta Shipton Green, who is to be married to Captain Claud H. G. Black, of the 34th Poona Horse, at St. Paul's, Rushall, Tunbridge Wells, on Aug. 7, is the daughter of Mr. T. J. Shipton Green, formerly British Consul for Grand Para, Amazonas, and Maranh.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

on "4711" as a pick-me-up and necessary part of their immaculate cleanliness. For those who do not care to afford the unsparing use of the "4711" perfume in their bath, there is "4711" bath-salts, two table-spoonfuls of which render a bath a real refreshment and invigoration, as well as a luxury, and this costs 1s. and 2s. a bottle. There is "4711" super-fatted soap in boxes containing three tablets, for 1s. 6d. There are small bottles for the pocket, with sprinklers, for 9d., and bottles, curved for waist-coat-pockets, for 10d., and watch-shaped bottles for 1s. 3d.—all these for the convenience of travellers. The half-crown bottle is, perhaps, best known; what is not so well known is the advantage



ENGAGED TO MISS BOYNTON: MR. J. N. REGAN.

Mr. J. N. Regan, who is engaged to Miss Gladys Mary Boynton, elder daughter of Sir Griffith Boynton, Bt., of Barmston, Yorkshire, is a barrister, and the son of the late Captain N. L. Regan, of Dublin.

Photograph by Langfieri.

that facial treatments by Cyclax methods, carried on by her personally-trained specialists, will be continued at 58, South Molton Street, throughout the year, without break, the staff having been greatly augmented to cope with the ever-growing demand. It is a great convenience to those passing through London in the holiday season to find that they can have their skins put into order, and supply

of having a case of these for 13s. 6d., containing six bottles.

Not to Coerce Nature. There are *corsettières* in London quite prepared to coerce Dame Nature at the wish of fashion-ridden clients who desire to have their figures made as grotesque as their clothes. Mme. Lambert, 5, Hanover Square, is not one of them. An artist in line, the beauty of the female form divine is a cult with her; and she will not have it tortured out of its natural mould. Working as she does for many royal and many noble women, the very latest models are to be seen in her show-rooms as soon as they are in Paris. She supports where support is required, and makes on really healthful, hygienic, and graceful lines the very smartest corsets, and of the most durable kind. These are facts, I imagine, well worth noting.

For Youthful Beauty. Summer is a trying time for complexions; happily, now there is no reason to fear it. Mrs. Hemming has arranged



ENGAGED TO MR. J. N. REGAN: MISS G. M. BOYNTON.

Miss Gladys Mary Boynton, who is engaged to Mr. J. N. Regan, barrister, son of Mrs. Regan, of Dublin, is the elder daughter of Sir Griffith Henry Boynton, twelfth Bt., of Barmston, Driffield, Yorkshire.

Photograph by Langfieri.



DAUGHTER OF SIR GEORGE MAKGILL, BARONET: MISS HARRIET MAKGILL.

Miss Harriet Makgill is the elder daughter of Sir George Makgill, Bt., of Kemback, Fife. Her younger sister, Miss Marie Makgill, is to marry Capt. Aubrey Brooke Winch, of the Scots Greys, son of the late Mr. Thomas Winch.

Photograph by Suaine.



ENGAGED TO MR. RALPH LUBBOCK: MISS ADELAIDE M. C. MONTGOMERIE.

Miss Adelaide Margaret Constance Montgomerie, whose engagement to Mr. Ralph Lubbock, of Gorrings, Down, Kent, is announced, is the youngest daughter of Lady Sophia Montgomerie, of Southannan, Airlie, N.B., and niece of the Earl of Eglinton.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

themselves with outfits of the magnificent preparations of the Cyclax Company to keep them in perfect condition throughout the Scotch season. Clever courses of treatment are provided; one of the latest is to cure wrinkles or depressions of the skin, for which only a prescribed use of Cyclax skin-food and complexion-milk is required. A specially valuable agent for protecting and beautifying the skin in summer is Cyclax blended lotion, made up of two indispensable preparations, and costing 4s. 6d. or 8s. 6d. a bottle, according to size. Special treatment for the hands also is given, the preparations for use being Cyclax Milk of Roses (4s. 6d.) and Hand Bleach (3s. 6d.). With these, and fortified by a special treatment before setting out, a summer holiday will prove beneficial and not detrimental to the complexion.

Firm in the Forefront. Marmalade is indispensable in every household; no breakfast is properly rounded off without it. Cooper's Oxford Marmalade leads the way by reason of the fine fruit and sugar used, and by the absolute cleanliness of its manufacture. It has quite a distinctive flavour, and is supplied all over the world. The King has it, and it is used in the Houses of Parliament, regimental messes, on his Majesty's ships, and in first-class hotels. Such a reliable and delicious mar-

malade is an appetiser, a digestive, and a nutrient—it is invaluable.

Locking the Stable Door.

Do it before your steed is stolen. It is no trouble, and if one returns from a holiday to find treasures stolen, the good of the change goes, and only feelings of trouble and worry remain. The Chancery Lane Safe Deposit is the real locked door where all is secure. Small safes can be rented for the keeping of documents, bonds, and other valuables. It is twice a holiday taken with a clear mind—see the C.L.S.D. doors locked on your treasures before you go!



IN FRONT OF THEIR ANCESTRAL HOME: LORD AND LADY CAMOYS, WITH THEIR SON AND HEIR.

Lord Camoys, fifth Baron of a creation dating from 1383, is here seen with Lady Camoys, formerly Miss Mildred Watts-Sherman, daughter of the late Mr. William Watts-Sherman, of New York, to whom he was married in 1911, and their infant son and heir, at the entrance to the family seat, Stonor, Henley-on-Thames. [Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.]

A DAY'S GOLF FROM FOREST ROW TO CROWBOROUGH.

AFTER a strenuous day's golf over the Royal Ashdown Forest links, conversation in the evening turned to a recent exploit described in the *Strand Magazine*. An enterprising golfer, it appears, had played across country from Maidstone to Littlestone-on-Sea, a distance of thirty-seven miles, in 1087 strokes. This led to a wager of £10 by Sir Frank Newnes, one of our party, that the eight or nine miles of moor, forest, and field lying between Forest Row and Crowborough could not be traversed in less than 350 strokes. Two of my guests, Mr. W. H. Warman and Mr. Neville Foster, accepted the challenge, and I agreed to act as umpire. (The ordinary rules of golf were to be observed; which allowed the players to lift and drop for the loss of one stroke, or, in the case of a lost ball, to lose stroke and distance; only one variation was made in that the two players, though partners, were not obliged to play alternate strokes.)

The first part of the journey lay over the Ashdown Forest course, where it was necessary to economise strokes in view of the difficulties that lay ahead. In a schedule drawn up by the players, twenty strokes had been allotted to this opening stage; it was in fact covered in fifteen, care being taken not to embarrass those who were playing the more conventional game.

Then the real difficulties began. In front was a ridge covered with heather, shrub, and bracken. A fore-caddie was sent on to choose the least objectionable spot at which to aim, about 150 yards away. This plan answered admirably, and, thanks to some accurate iron shots by both players, the Highbeach Road was reached and passed in eight more strokes. The next shot landed the ball in dense gorse, whence, after a five-minutes search, it was recovered. A convenient cricket pitch was then descried, the edge of which afforded the last good lie to be had for a long time. In front was to be seen bracken two feet high, contending with gorse and shrub, and the only egress was a narrow lane, flanked by ditches and overhanging trees. Many strokes were lost in reaching the road, and still more were expended on its unfriendly surface. One bold shot planted the ball in an orchard, and it was only with the fiftieth stroke, a good mashie shot by Mr. Foster over some full-grown oaks, that the moorland was reached again. I confess I was relieved when the road was left behind. If this form of golf were to become popular over more inhabited regions, I can see that a new terror might be added to country life.

At this point the ladies joined our party, bringing with them another man, who acted as extra fore-caddie for the occasion.

His arrival was opportune, since the bushes on the hill which now fronted us were extremely dense, and our advanced outrider was often lost to sight. In the thick shrub Mr. Foster's niblick proved very useful—a formidable weapon recently acquired in New York to cope with the titanic difficulties of the Garden City Golf Course.

Luck to some extent favoured the players, for the ball more than once stopped just short of matted undergrowth, or nestled half-hidden, yet playable, under the shade of an alder. The ground was covered to such good purpose that the moderate total of ninety strokes had brought the players from Forest Row to the clump of trees known as the Camel, which

at a height of 700 feet, is a landmark throughout the countryside. Under its sheltering pines we joined the ladies in an al-fresco luncheon, which proved a very delightful feature of the day. Our caddies, fortified by a Gargantuan meal, set out with renewed zest, and their advice in critical places was often invaluable.

The first shot after luncheon hit some telegraph-wires, but we came to the next hill without further incident. On our arrival at the top we looked over a broad expanse of country to which at any other time the players would have given more attention: but a belt of giant trees, fronted by a mass of gorse, barred the way. There was some uncertainty about the line, and field-glasses were requisitioned to locate the Crowborough Golf Club, and to determine if a détour could be made with advantage. The partners, finding this impossible, decided on bold measures, and Mr. Warman played an adventurous but highly successful brassey shot which must have carried, I estimate, a distance of 200 yards into a meadow beyond.

Crossing over into a hayfield, the advice of a friendly farmer was taken as to the best route, and accordingly we struck out towards a ridge of the forest running as far as the eye could see in the direction of the Crowborough links. By this time both players were growing accustomed to travelling through the wilds, and were able to gauge with accuracy the distance that could be compassed with each shot. Besides this we found many burnt patches of heather—a piece of luck hardly discounted in the wager of the night before. Mr. Foster took advantage of the hard, open lies and was playing his iron shots remarkably well.

There was now no doubt that the course would be completed well within the allotted number of strokes; and, encouraged by this, the partners played with greater confidence, taking risks which before they would have shunned. The ridge was left behind, and two brasses followed by a full iron shot brought them within eighty yards of another line of tall trees. On the far side, unsuspected at this stage, lay the Crowborough Golf Course, and its discovery caused some excitement among the caddies.

With plenty of strokes in hand, Mr. Warman played a fine brassey shot well over the trees and the road beyond. For some time the ball could not be found, and there seemed the prospect of having to play this difficult shot over again: but ultimately it was run to earth on the far side of the twelfth green.

After their journey in the wilderness the fairway of Crowborough seemed to the players like the Promised Land. A line was taken over the last three holes, the final bunker overcome; and having 169 strokes in hand, it was, perhaps, excusable that three putts were taken on the last green.

The complete score from Forest Row to Crowborough was 184 strokes: 30 of these were lost in picking up from impossible places; and perhaps the most remarkable feature of the performance was the fact that not a single ball was lost on the journey. This was due mainly to steady play, partly to good luck, and partly to shrewd caddies; indeed, as one of the latter naively remarked in telling the story some days afterwards: "Fortunately, we had two good caddies, ME and Cooper."

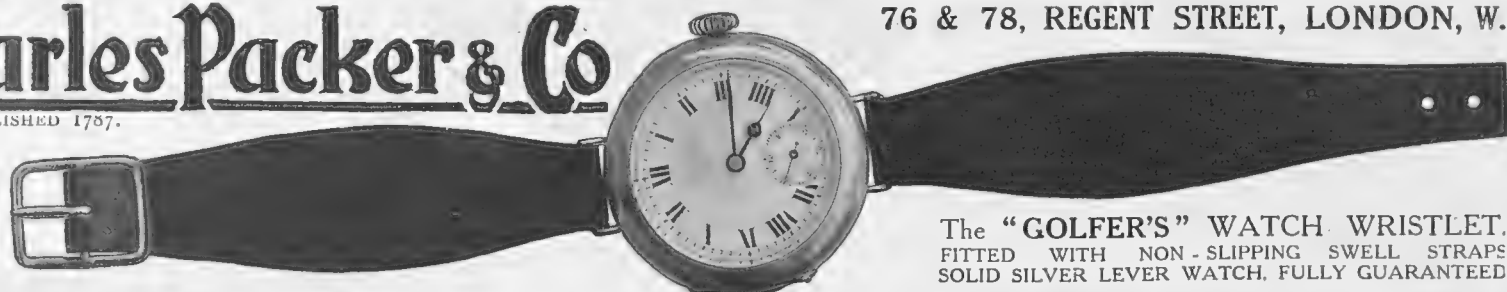
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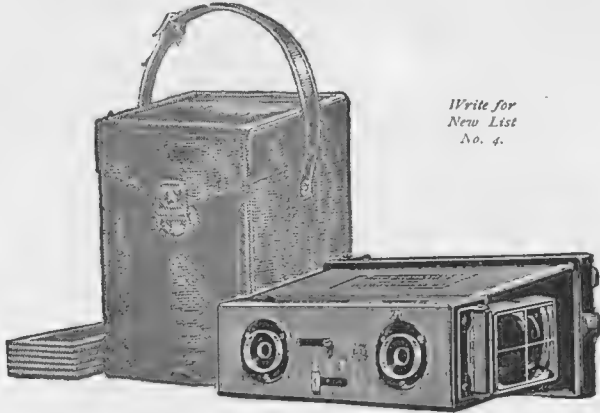
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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with A Special Court for "Making It Up" in New York; The Hon. Helen Meysey-Thompson; M'Loughlin of the Mobile Face; Miss Ellaline Terriss; The Tango Trouser; "The Spider's Web," at the Alhambra; The Lily and the Rose; Miss Anna Held; Glimpses at Gay Ostend - Continental Bathing.



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New List
No. 4.

A Camera with two Eyes

You see with two eyes, and you see form and feature in relief — you have the sense of atmosphere and natural perspective, and all the elements of beauty. To obtain in a picture the same glorious view your camera also must see and take the picture with two eyes. The *only* camera at a moderate price which can give you this effect is the Glyphoscope. Pictures taken with it have the vividness, the beauty and the animation of Nature. Even a beginner can obtain beautiful results with the

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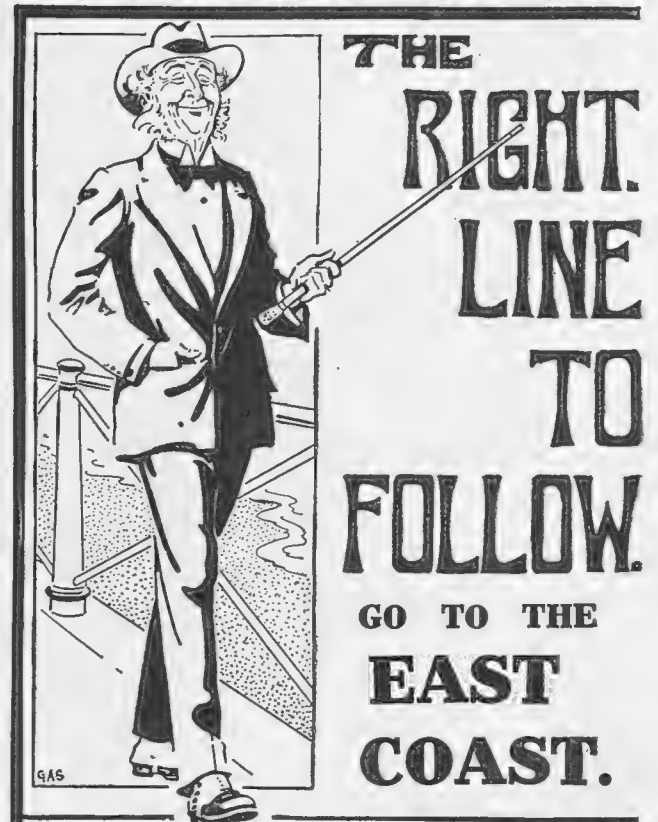
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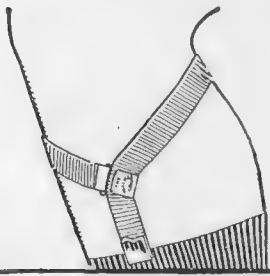
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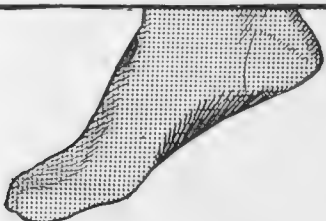
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August 6, 1913.

Signature.....

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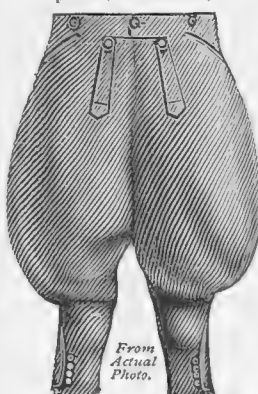
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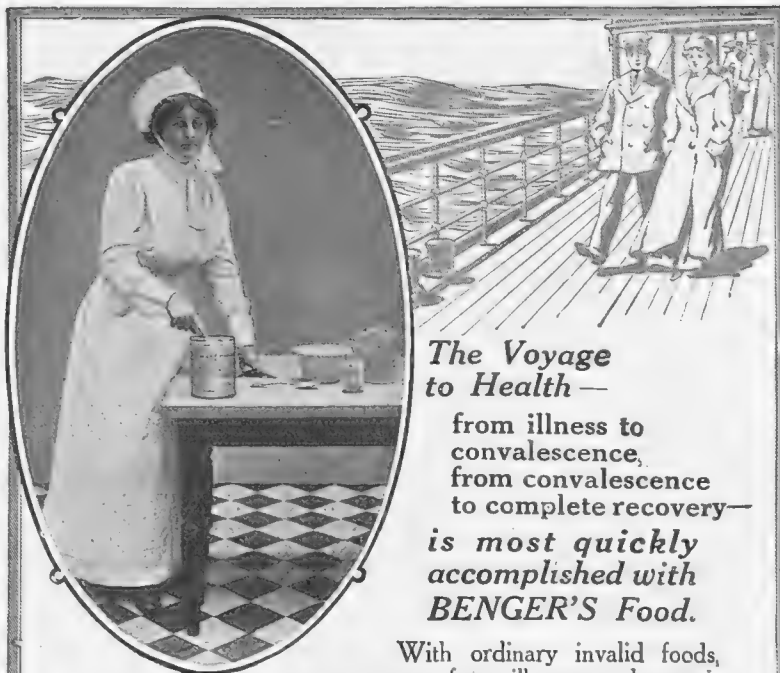
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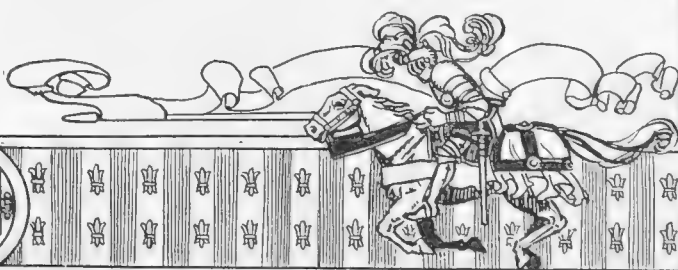


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say and do

regarding

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"DAIMLER."

Bristol,

April 23rd, 1913.

... I have been struck during the past season with the consistent quality of the Continental Tyres that I have been using on two cars. The extraordinary results that one hears of people getting from individual tyres of different makes leave me quite unimpressed in considering the tyre question. The important thing, in my opinion, is to watch whether one gets consistent results from a series of tyres of the same make, and this has been a very marked feature with the "Continentials" I have been using.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) For the DAIMLER CO., LTD.,
(PHILIP YOUNG, Bristol Manager).

"RUDGE - WHITWORTH."

Gentlemen,

Coventry,

July 21st, 1913.

Regarding the GRAND PRIX, we are pleased to let you know that the Continental Basket Pattern Tyres fitted to the "Rudge" machines, ridden by T. E. GREENE, who was first, and S. A. Rowlandson, who was eighth, gave no trouble whatever and were in excellent condition at the conclusion of the event. Greene himself was highly pleased, and expressed his satisfaction to your Continental manager.

Yours faithfully,

For RUDGE - WHITWORTH, LTD.,
S. A. ROWLANDSON.

"SHEFFIELD - SIMPLEX."

Sheffield-Simplex Motor Works, Ltd.,
Sheffield, May 22, 1913.

Dear Sirs,

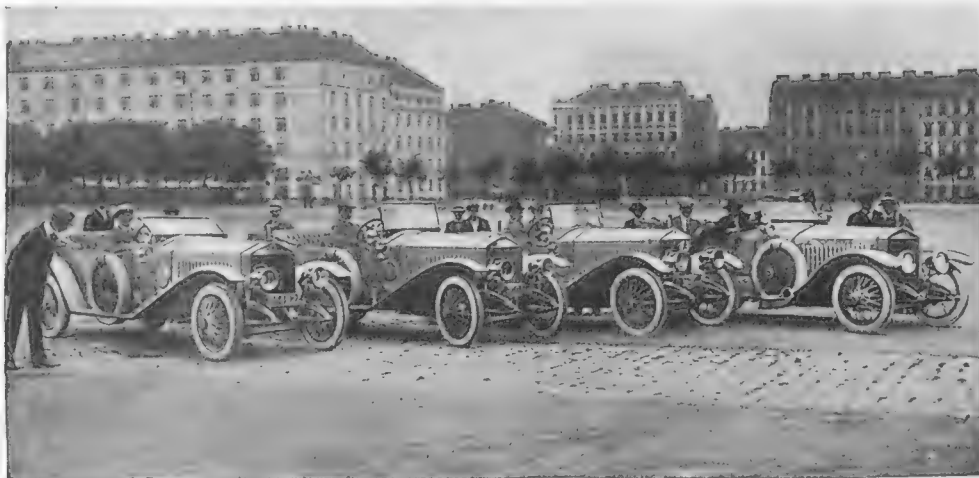
... the CONTINENTAL TYRES you supplied me with for my 25 h.p. SHEFFIELD - SIMPLEX Car in September last, though they have been in regular use ever since, only just show sufficient signs of wear to necessitate retreading, and I am sending them to you this day for this purpose.

I am pleased to be able to justify that DURING THIS PERIOD THEY HAVE GIVEN PERFECT SATISFACTION, and, though I have not a record of the exact mileage covered, IT WILL NOT BE FAR SHORT OF 6000 MILES. During this period I have only had one puncture.

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A NEW DEVICE FOR MAKING THE DEAF TO HEAR.

THE "receiver" demonstrated in Photograph No. 2 by Mr. E. Thorp Hincks is concealed under the tie, and the sound is transmitted to the ear along a practically invisible wire. It is proposed to call the new device the Napad, and it is said that, with its aid, an aurist will now be able to fit a deaf person with "hearers" much as an oculist fits a person with defective sight with eye-glasses. The correspondent who supplies us with these photographs, writes: "This marvellous instrument has been produced by the National Society for the Prevention and Amelioration of Deafness, and is demonstrated by Mr. E. Thorp Hincks. By means of this invention it has been found that there are 3500 different grades of hearing, and that anyone with normal hearing using it can hear distinctly, for example, the dropping of a small paper wafer on to a table, or the stroking of a piece of paper by the finger, which produces a wavy, hissing sound. It is claimed that, on finding out with the machine the actual degree of hearing of any person, a receiver can be made which will give perfect hearing to any, save one born deaf." The address of the Society is 7, Clanricarde Gardens, W.

1. HEARING A WAFER DROP UPON A TABLE:
THE NAPAD IN USE.

2. DESCRIBED—UNOFFICIALLY—AS "A NECKTIE WITH EARS": THE NEW
DEVICE FOR ENABLING THE DEAF TO HEAR.

3. HEARING THE STROKING OF A PIECE OF PAPER: THE NAPAD IN USE.

The border does not represent the instrument which we here describe, but is merely given as ornament.

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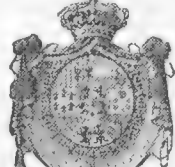
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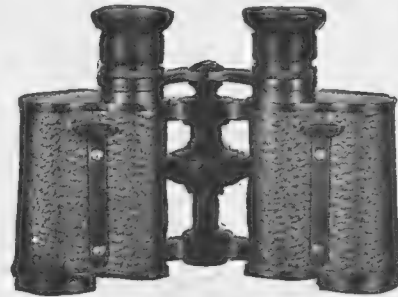
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By the Silv'ry Sea.

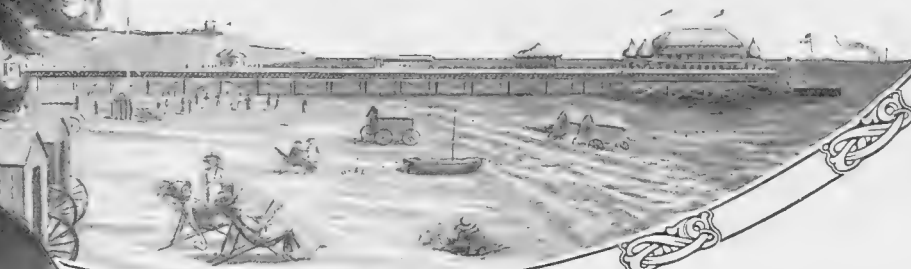
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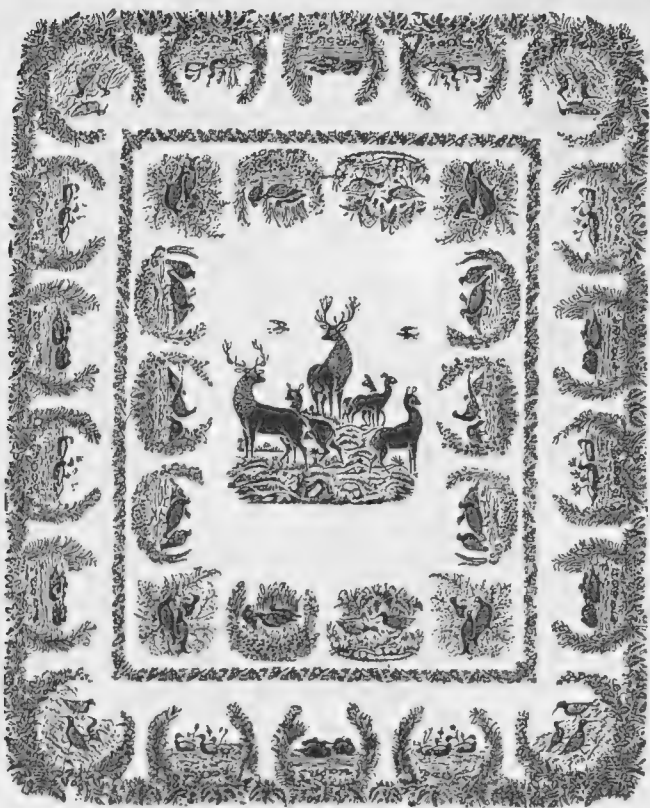
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"One Woman's Life."

By ROBERT HERRICK.
(Mills and Boon.)

"She's Woman—the old-fashioned kind—just Woman!" was the epitaph—if such a word may be used at the moment of a second marriage—pronounced by an old friend on Mr. Herrick's heroine. Another friend who was present forbore to comment on what each understood to be the meaning of that phrase: that "Milly was the type of what men, through the ages, in their paramount desire for exclusive sex possession, had made of woman, what civilisation had made of her, and society still encouraged her to become when she could—an adventuress; in her friend's more sophisticated phrase, a fortuitous, somewhat parasitic creature. 'And I suppose,' he concluded, 'that's the kind of women men will always desire and want to work for.'" Little Milly Ridge launched herself very young in Chicago, with no assets but her charm and her beauty. Though she said apologetically, "I had no mother to bring me out in society—I had to make my own friends," Milly never forgot to invoke her presence at right moments by mentioning the fact that she had been a Southerner, and establishing thus a claim to the aristocracy which such birth suggested. In the late 'eighties, we are told that there was hardly a more stirring corner of the earth's broad platter than this sprawling prairie city of Chicago at the end of the great lake. From suburb to suburb Milly dragged her ineffectual little male parent in a scale of rising gentility. Like every woman, Milly knew "that there is always a better and a worse socially, and the important thing is to belong to the best wherever you are, democracy or no democracy." Woman displays herself when she entertains as man does when he fights, says Mr. Herrick in observant epigram, and Milly entertained. She honestly tried to fulfil an engagement which would have settled her well; but a New England parsimony in her lover was too much for her, and, in spite of all her sentimental special pleading with herself about motives, she did also honestly fall in love with and marry a poor artist. Mr. Herrick is understanding about Milly's maidenhood; he is still more so about her eight married years. "Art has a fatal fascination for most women. They buzz around its white arc-light, or tallow dip, like heedless moths bent on their own destruction." But Milly was not destroyed. She only realised that her handsome, attractive husband had never belonged to her—the stronger, better part of him; that a woman may live eight years more or less happily with a stranger; that domestic intimacy, the petty exchanges of daily life—even the habit of physical passion—cannot make two souls one. She realised some-

thing of the great truth taught her by another married woman—a woman who also lived happily with her husband. "I tell Sam," this woman told Milly of her husband, "that if he isn't careful I'll *flanquer la porte* to him and run things myself. I'm an expert taxidermist," she added. "He needs me and the children more than I need him—which is the better way." But Milly was just Woman, the old-fashioned kind, and so her lesson that women were cheated always in the game of life because of their hearts left her as it found her. Women loved Milly because they felt the woman in her; she was the unconscious champion of their hearts. A woman's woman was Milly, and yet too much a man's woman, the product of his egotism, to stand alone without him. Mr. Herrick has written a book as thoughtful as it is entertaining; not a woman among his readers will fail of loving his Milly; and if, finally, she "made good" in her own way, it will be seen by a new and stronger generation that it was also then the only way.

"The Woman Thou Gavest Me."

By HALL CAINE.
(Heinemann.)

The woman, Mary O'Neill, tells her own story to the length of six hundred pages. There is "my girlhood," the tragedy of an unwanted child; there is "my marriage," the tragedy of a *mariage de convenance* on either side; there is "my honeymoon," barren of all but tragedy; "I fall in love" with an erstwhile playmate, now a grown-up "explorer" of the South Pole, and tragically give myself. Then "I become a mother" in the most heartrending conditions of exile and poverty; after which "I am lost," and descending, painted, to the streets to make a living for my child, find in the first man whom I accost the "explorer" reported to be dead; and, finally, "I am found," and die very beautifully out of a situation which could bear no other solution. There are shops in the town which display a curious mechanism in their windows whereby an attractive toffee winds and twists and stretches itself into being. In some such manner the motive of Mr. Caine's story struggles back and forth across the frame of its events. It is a Catholic motive. If the Roman Church permitted divorce, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" would have no existence. Mary O'Neill's religion did not save her from a confessedly loveless marriage; it did not constrain her to fulfil the obligations of that marriage towards her husband; it failed to restrain her natural instincts in the matter of her lover; but it forbade her at every crisis the one remedy which would have restored her happiness, given stability and respect to that of her lover, and assured the safety of her child. But perhaps this is taking Mr. Caine a trifle too seriously. The Catholic religion is no affair of his save as a mechanism for an effective *feuilleton*. Translated through the mind and vagaries of an incredibly

[Continued overleaf.]

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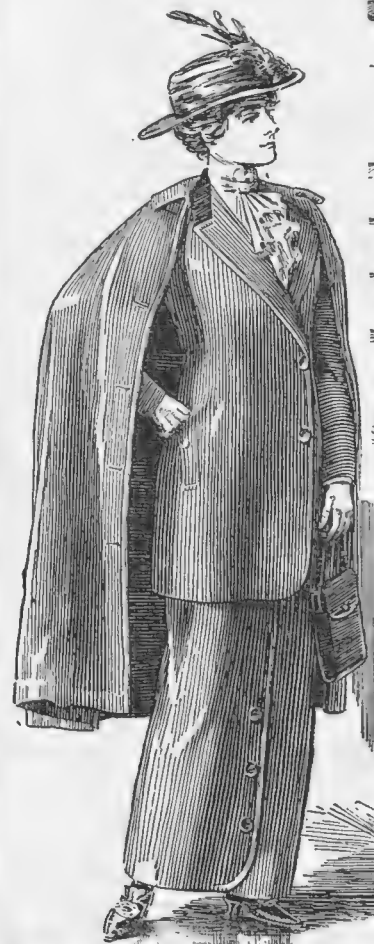
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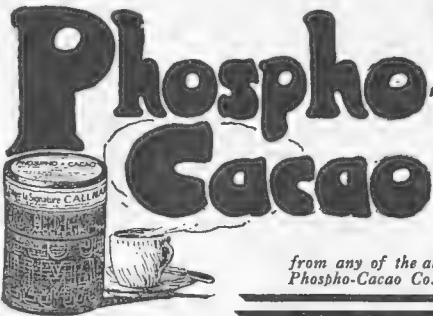
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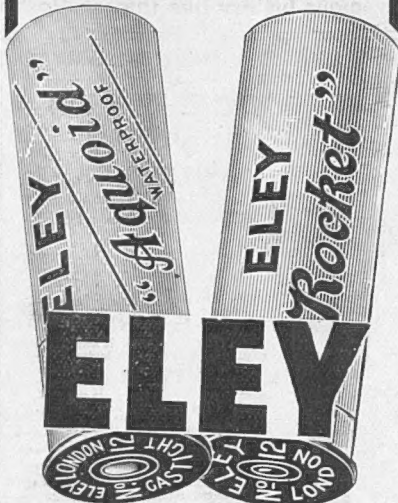
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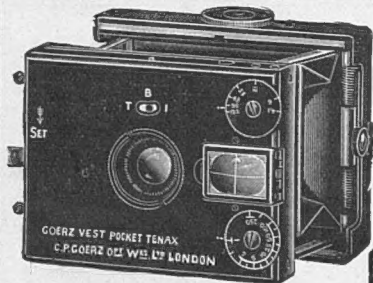
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unreasonable woman, it or any other code of conduct may lead to innumerable *impasses*. She herself tells over the beads of her agony in sharp, crisp sentences. There is the characteristic moment of her baby's birth: "It was Motherhood. 'My child! Mine! flesh of my flesh! Oh God! Oh God! . . . I put my baby to my breast! . . . Oh God! My God! Mother of my God! And then in that happiness that is beyond all earthly bliss—the happiness of a mother when she first clasps her baby to her breast—I began to cry. . . . 'Hush, hush! You will do yourself a mischief, and it will be bad for the milk,'" said the nurse. She sang her child a lullaby towards evening. "I daresay my voice was sweet that day—a mother's voice is always sweet—for when Emmerjane [the little domestic], who had been out of the room, came back to it with a look of awed solemnity, she said, 'Well, I never did! I thought as 'ow there was a angel a-come into this room.'" Interspersed with this virile pathos there are occasional memoranda jotted down by Martin Conrad, the lover and "explorer." "I hate to butt in where I may not be wanted," he begins one of these explanatory notes—but he may more truly be described as "butting" out. For at every moment when he owed it to be on the spot he was making for the plateau of the South Pole in "shrieking, blinding blizzards" and what-not. Mr. Caine has cultivated two manners—the one a magnificent cockalorum tragedy, all slappings of the chest and blunt, humorous courage; the other built of superlatives dragged down from Heaven and up from Hell. But the crown of achievement with either manner lies in the assurance that in any case, be it one of heroic Magdalen or heroic explorer,

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"The Adventures of Mortimer Dixon."

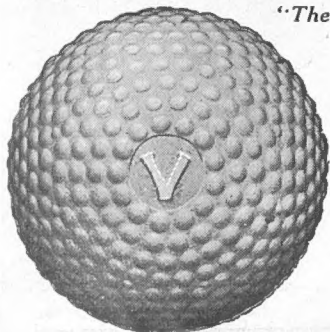
BY ALICIA RAMSEY.
(Stanley Paul and Co.)

Mortimer Dixon is the Compleat Journalist. "He has the staying power of a Red Indian, the mentality of a Gaboriau, and the *flair* of a bloodhound," said the greatest newspaper-proprietor of the world of him. When these two faced each other, they looked less like a young journalist submitting a report to his chief of chiefs and his idol than like two generals on the eve of a great battle planning a campaign. Mortimer was sent off to Whitechapel, that he might investigate "the lurid loves of a Chink and a charwoman"; and he got caught in the great affairs of a great and terrible China—an affair that meant "crowns falling and thrones toppling and blood running down the streets like rain." More thrilling still, it was an affair of cellars and gorgeous lacquered coffins, of gags and poison, treachery, torture, and abductions, jade dogs with diamond eyes, mandarin feathers and pigtailed, and, above all, two men, East and West, white and yellow, prince and journalist, each in his own way of the best his nation grew . . . brought together in a great grapple for victory. Dixon himself is kept very human, with a face like a boy's, a smile like sunshine, a way with women, and a plump little party to keep him straight on it. Journalism appears the last career for the man who should have searched for the Holy Grail or fought for the Holy Sepulchre. Not its least attractive possibility is a gay, ingenious history like that of Mortimer Dixon's.

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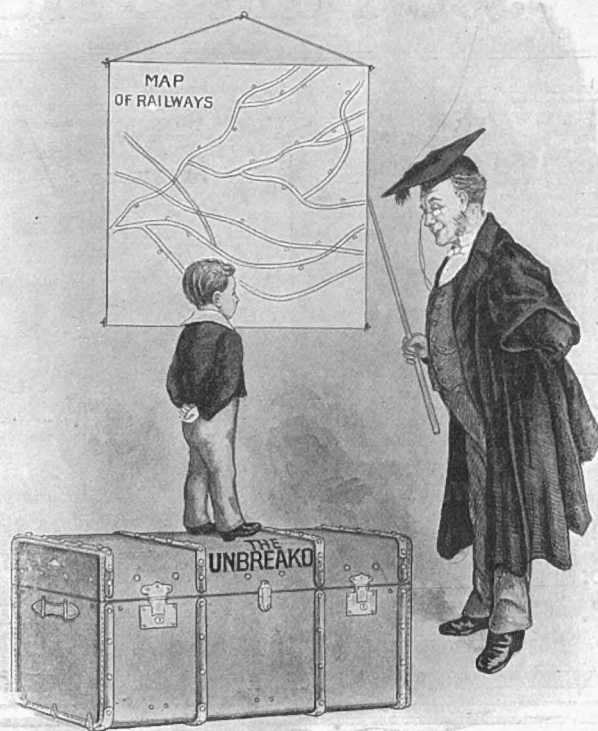


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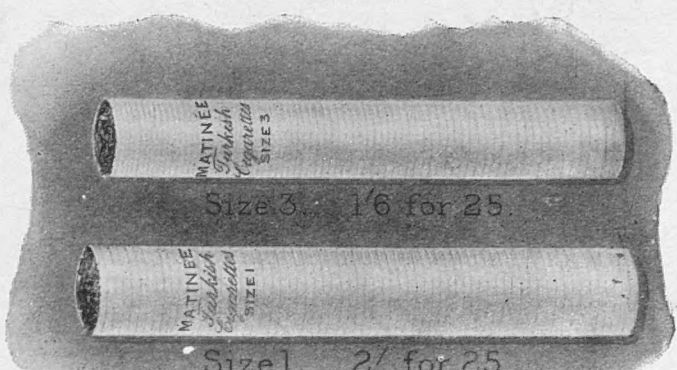
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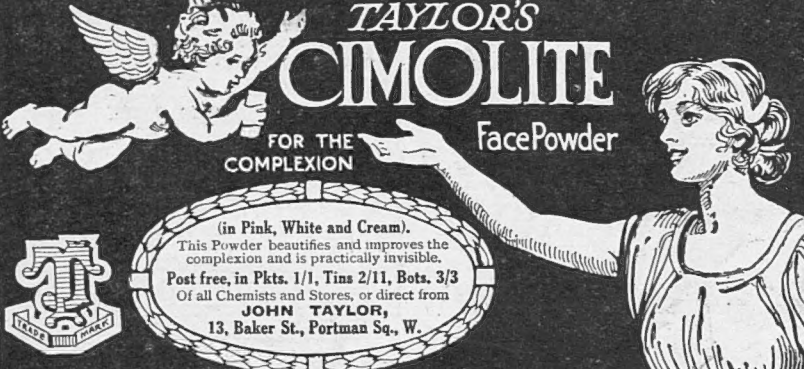
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